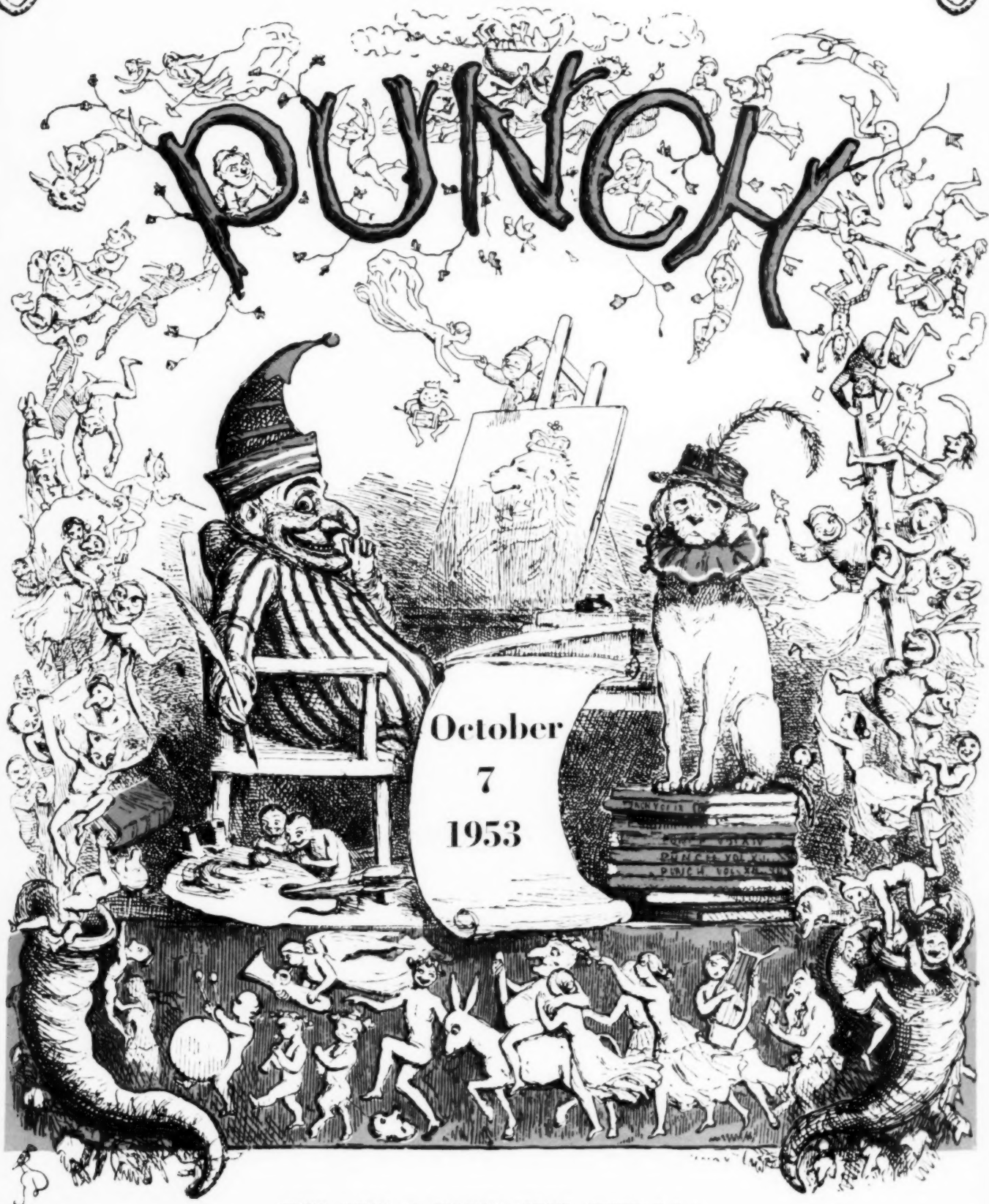


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—Wednesday, October 7 1953

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PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4



'Yes—all the time! I've cooked with Vulcan now for fifteen years—and I've never known it steam over yet!'

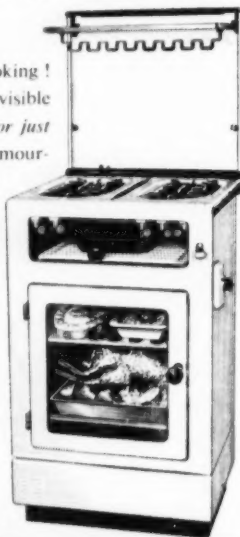
With Vulcan it's always 'full-view' cooking! Cakes, sponges, pies, joints—clearly visible at every stage. *That Glass Panel Door* just can't steam over! And, of course, the Armour-plate Glass is guaranteed fireproof and unbreakable, and retains full oven-heat. Other attractive Vulcan features include automatic heat regulator (giving you *Double-Control*), fully-furnished oven and clean, compact design.

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DOUBLE-CONTROL GAS COOKING

See a Vulcan at your local Gas Showrooms, and write for illustrated brochure.

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Associated Company of United Gas Industries Ltd.



Whatever the pleasure
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It's the tobacco that counts

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FOR THE WELL-GROOMED MAN

The sensational new PHILIPS

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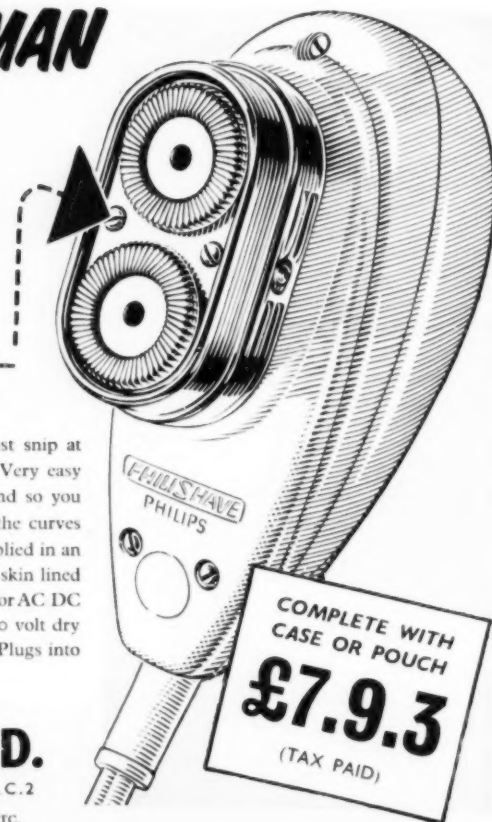
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HERE IT IS! The latest development in dry shavers! It gives a really perfect shave—quicker, easier, cleaner, smoother than ever before. It's the new precision-built Philips Philishave with the exclusive BI-AX Shaving Head which gives 36,000 genuine shaving actions a minute.

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The Philishave works on an entirely different principle from any other shaver. It has a unique

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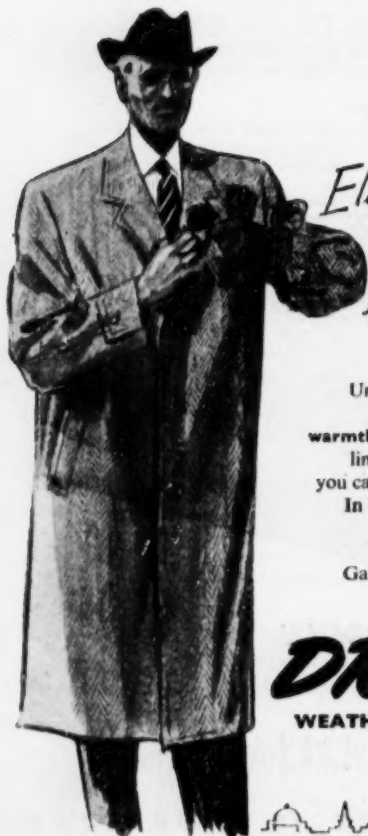
Manchester District Office,
43, Spring Gardens, Manchester, 2.

Midland District Office,
98, Colmore Row, Birmingham, 3.

North Eastern District Office,
22, Grey Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

Total Assets (as at 30th June, 1953):

£347,975,315.

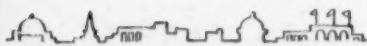


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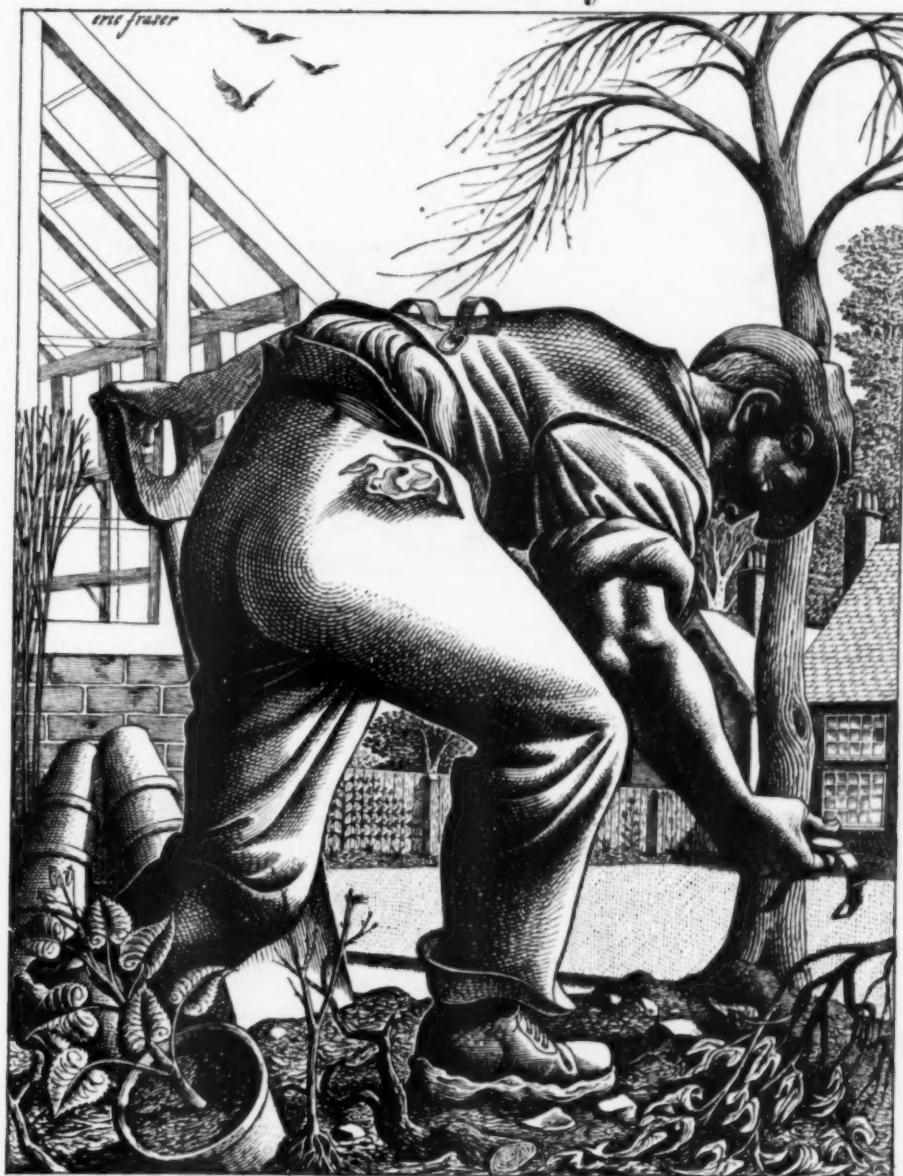
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Four years buried*



"He saw something glitter in the earth; he stooped and picked it up"

EVEN in 1945, when the war in Europe had ended, flying had its hazards. Flight-Lieutenant Bolton learnt this only too well; it was May 13th when he had to crash-land in the South of England, and was badly injured. His aircraft, a Typhoon, was completely wrecked, and — a more personal tragedy — his Rolex Oyster disappeared.

Later, when he recovered, he made a few wry enquiries of the police; but of course, the watch had gone.

Four years passed; in fact, it was almost exactly four years to the day when a man who lived near where the Typhoon had crashed was digging in his garden. He saw something glitter in the earth; when he stooped and picked it up — yes, it was the pilot's watch.

The case had corroded and the hands had rusted; but these were incidentals. After four years in the earth the delicate mechanism was still unharmed; the Oyster case had protected it perfectly. A little work by the Rolex repair staff — and that watch is still keeping perfect time today.

Well, this is what happened to one Rolex Oyster. And when you remember that the Rolex Oyster, to stay accurate, has to tick exactly 432,000 times a day; and that, as in all other Rolex watches, the lubricating oil has been carefully measured to one thousandth of a gramme, you can realize the exquisite delicacy of a Rolex movement. More credit to the Rolex designers that four years of rain and snow and summer dust had not penetrated the Oyster case.

But, you may argue, most watches would never have to undergo a test like that. True! But all watches have enemies — dirt and damp, dust and perspiration — and the sort of watch that will stand that fall and those four years can hardly be harmed by slighter hazards. A perfect movement perfectly protected is what you want — and what you find in a Rolex Oyster. You find it, too, in the Tudor, the junior member of the Rolex family, which is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ This is a true story, taken from a letter written by the pilot in question (ex-Flight-Lieutenant W. Bolton, of Urmoston, Lancashire) to the Rolex Watch Company. A photoprint of the original letter can be inspected at the office of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.

FREE COLOUR BROCHURE OF ROLEX WATCHES

For the latest information on Rolex watches recently arrived in this country, and the name and address of your nearest Rolex dealer, write to the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green St., Mayfair, London, W.1



ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

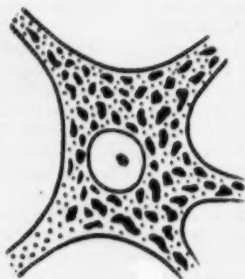
THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR)
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To protect the delicate movement, Rolex craftsmen and technicians laboured for years to produce the Oyster case. Employing the safest method of waterproofing — the self-sealing action of one metal on another — the Rolex Oyster was the first, and is still the foremost, waterproof watch in the world.



FACTS ABOUT YOUR BODY

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THIS IS A NERVE CELL and there are 600 million in your brain alone. Although a vast knowledge has been amassed about nerves since 1900 no one has yet discovered why nerves, in quotation marks, have become an almost occupational disease of the times we live in.

But we do know that healthy nerves depend upon an adequate supply of phosphorus and protein. Without these two elements your nerve cells cannot live, your cells become "starved", and health declines. To restore these "starved" nerves you need Sanatogen to supply you with the extra phosphorus and vital cell-building protein that the body needs. Sanatogen provides these two elements in a form

and combination that is unique today. No other tonic gives you what Sanatogen contains.

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Over 25,000 doctors have endorsed the use of Sanatogen—a remarkable official recognition of its restorative power—and thousands of thankful letters from patients all over the country testify to Sanatogen's ability to rebuild and restore shattered nerves.

YOUR "NERVES"—Start a course of Sanatogen today. Take Sanatogen regularly as directed and day by day your nerves will grow calmer, steadier and stronger until they are firmly under control again. From 6/11d. at all chemists.

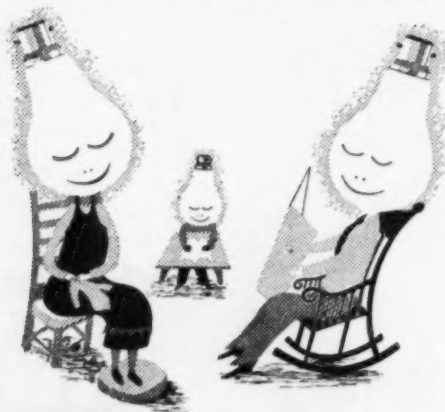


Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

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News from every man's angle



KANGOL

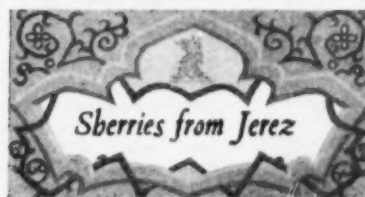
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Patents pending



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fine sherries
and Concord ports



CELESTA a delicate pale dry Fino
MARINA a rare Manzanilla
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TARANTELA traditional dark sherry

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cigar speaks for itself



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Ardent winter sportsmen—and sportswomen, too—pay a regular visit to Simpsons at this time of year. They know they will find the gayest, most practical outfits to wear on the slopes, and equipment from the world's leading makers. Write for the Simpson Winter Sports Booklet.

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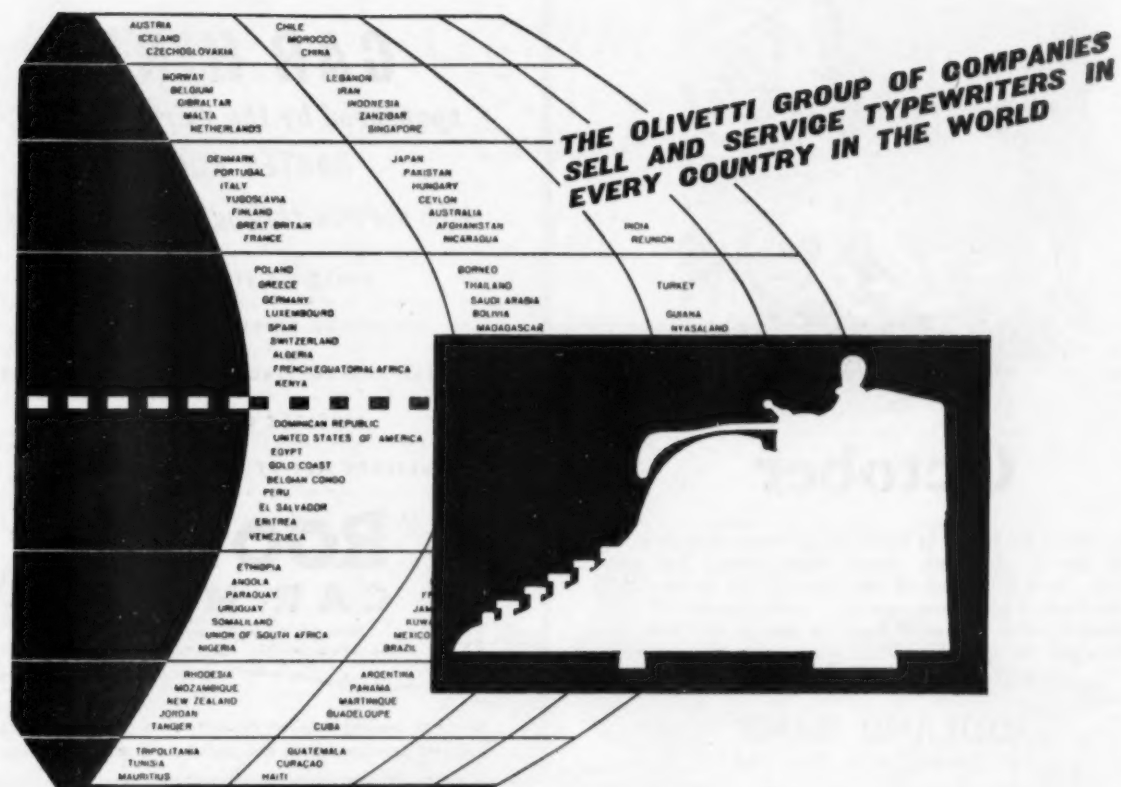
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Guinness Guide to Game Birds



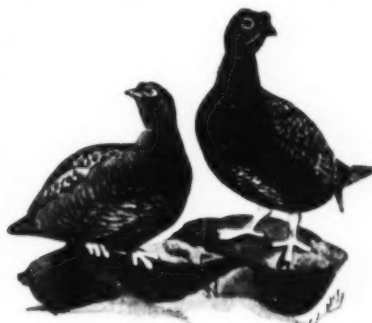
PARTRIDGE

For delicacy of taste the Common Partridge, our native bird, bears away the palm from the alien Red-legged race. But both are exciting when the plump whirring little birds explode from the stubble. Both are exciting when washed down with Guinness.



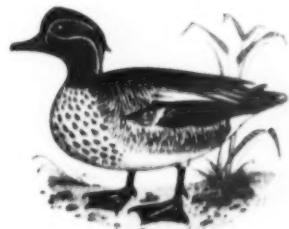
SNIPE

Marsh-land master of evasive action, there's no bird like the snipe for making the sportsman's heart beat faster. Should you approach him up-wind or down? Opinions are divided—but not on his excellence when accompanied by Guinness.



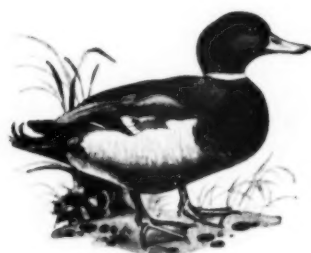
GROUSE

A driven grouse, whirling down-wind over the butts in a blur of wings, offers perhaps the most sporting shot of all. The strong flesh of grouse goes down nobly with Guinness. Try a grouse pie as a change from roast birds.



TEAL

These beautiful—and delicious—little duck, though shy, are gregarious in the autumn. Though difficult to approach they will then come readily to a decoy. It is the lonely man in the gun-punt (fortified, as good sense advises, with Guinness) who bags most teal.



WILD DUCK

The *canard sauvage* of the menu is generally the mild mallard. Serve slightly underdone if you want the full flavour; and don't forget the orange salad—slices of orange (less skin, pips and pith), castor sugar, salad oil and a little brandy.



WOODCOCK

He's a fly-by-night migrant of autumn and winter, past-master in woodland camouflage, with a set-back eye for all-round vision. Roast him whole with his bill for a skewer and serve him on toast with a Guinness beside him.



**—AND GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR YOU**

Copies of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10. Recipe leaflets covering each subject in the series will be available at the end of the year.



Aware of a silence that is deafening after three hours of roaring bedlam Released at last from confinement within walls of spinning metal and blasting wind Discovering anew the friendliness of a world that is tranquil and at rest And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/11

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*'How am I to tell
which is a good antiseptic?'*

There is one safe and reliable rule;
use the antiseptic you see your
doctor use or which he recommends,
and you won't be
far wrong.

'DETTOL'
REGISTERED
The safe way to safety

IN YOUR OWN HOME

*In our great hospitals the uses
of Dettol are many and various,
from the operating theatres to
the wards.*

*You will be wise if you apply
this lesson in your own home.
Wherever and whenever, about
your house and its contents,
you suspect a possible source of
infection, use Dettol promptly.*

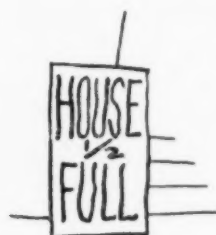
From all chemists



CHARIVARIA

FLEET Street and the Foreign Office are alike baffled by the latest Soviet Note. Its extreme length, diffuse style and susceptibility to conflicting interpretations all tend to support the theory, propounded in America at the time of Mr. Donald Maclean's disappearance, that a hand schooled in Whitehall may hold the Russian pen.

The Harrogate newsagent advertising "Boy or girl wanted for newspaper delivery, would suit old-age pensioner," was under a misapprehension. It has now been pointed out to him that the Welfare State, in its present imperfect form, leaves a short blank period between the end of children's allowances and the beginning of superannuation benefits.



The closing of a British play in New York after one performance is attributed to an unfortunate clash between the first night and the last.

A young correspondent complains to *The Star* that the increased fares will prevent him from visiting his girl friend. She complains, no doubt, that he doesn't care threepence-halfpenny for her.



Unfounded suspicions about our national Press were sown in a recent issue of *The Egyptian Gazette*. "Speakers had argued," reported a correspondent from the Isle of Man, "that the trade union system of collective bargaining was behind *The Times*."

We await with interest our Hitchin correspondent's report on a recent meeting of the local National Farmers' Union branch, where an item on the agenda ran: "To appeal for support for Westminster Cathedral £1,000,000 Coronation Restoration Fund (17s. 3d. in hand)."

One victim of the fashionable robberies on the Riviera said, after a loss of jewels valued at eight thousand pounds, "There was nothing special about the pieces. They were the kind that every woman has." Perhaps there's something, after all, in this seemingly indiscriminate bag-snatching.

Radio manufacturers claim that the newest television receivers eliminate the bright streaks which occasionally appear on the screen. This seems a pity.

A Nottinghamshire chapel invited passers-by to "Bring Your Own Food to a 'Faith Tea' at 4.30." Large numbers of the really faithful, who didn't, had unfortunately to be turned away.



The *Royal Armoured Corps Journal* has an article on The Tactical Employment of Atomic Weapons, by "Musketeer." Readers look forward with interest to a forthcoming feature by "Arquebusier" on Strategy and the H-bomb.



As a *mise en scène* for the annual conferences of political parties seaside resorts are eminently suitable. The little coloured lights along the promenade glow like politicians' promises; deck chairs, bathing huts and rowing-boats are images of the amenities in which politicians traffic, and old playbills announcing forthcoming attractions have beside them newer ones inviting attendance to hear Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevan, Dr. Sumnerskill and other right honourable ladies and gentlemen. An expiring summer season takes on a momentary and illusory new life, and in Winter Gardens platitudes resound.

These are the occasions when ghosts are liable to walk and forgotten voices to be heard. Ex-Cabinet Ministers with a large expanse of waistcoat beat their breasts, and for the millionth time boast how they left school at a tender age and had to trudge barefoot to factory or mine; of how, the youngest of a large family, they got what education they might from poring by candle-light over dog-eared books. Age may wither them, but custom cannot stale their infinite monotony. Less favoured colleagues who imbibed their passion for social justice at Winchester or in Oxford and Cambridge common-rooms are at a disadvantage. They, too, however, have their vicarious hard-luck stories; can call in Freud to rectify the Marxist unbalance of their lives. Not for them the massive gold watch-chain, the breakfast *Daily Herald*, the heavy assured tread of the hard-faced men who have done well out of the party and whose bearing betokens card votes in their pockets and boroughs in their gift. Toilers by brain rather than by hand, they watch with ill-disguised impatience the impact of

DREAMLAND, DREAMLAND UBER ALLES

an unchallengeable Challenge on an immovable Movement; and Leftwards, look, the land is bright.

Then there are the truly ancestral voices, whose faith shines bright even though its occasion has been for the most part removed. They belong to the afterglow of Victorian high-mindedness (pacifists, vegetarians, wearers of hygienic clothing), and create a faint expectation still that a hymn will follow and a collection in due course be taken. William Morris, Walt Whitman, Tolstoy, Ruskin, tweeds on shrunken forms, and toes which have freely splayed, thanks to sandal-wear—are they truly there, or just their disembodied spirits? An occasional intonation, a gesture or a withered cheek—is that all?

Perhaps the most tenacious of all illusions is that foolishness which has been discredited will disappear for ever. Alas, when the dust settles, amidst the rubble there appear familiar lineaments, and a familiar voice is heard expounding the efficacy of disarming to safeguard peace. In the dark days of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, when Stalin and

Molotov were congratulating Hitler on his splendid victories, it seemed not too much to hope that, whatever other horrors might be in store, at least no more would ever be heard of the Kremlin as a bulwark of peace and freedom. Again, when the League of Nations had its last furtive meeting amidst a world at war, it seemed permissible to assume that the fatuity of the hopes based on such a procedure was exposed for ever. Yet again, as the disastrous consequences of the Yalta Conference became apparent, it seemed a blessing to be counted that never more would it be taken for granted that meetings between statesmen "at the highest level" were necessarily beneficial.

At their gatherings beside the seaside accredited delegates easily managed to persuade themselves that they can resolve the Cold War out of existence, and abolish all human ills at home and abroad. Having thus disposed of the world's business, they are free to disport themselves in neo-Elizabethan hotel lounges; to listen to additional oratory at social gatherings, or visit Dreamland, with its wheel of joy. Nothing less revolutionary ever was seen, yet it may well be that, historically, they will seem to have been a highly destructive force, going with platitudes and banalities as others have gone with fire and sword; sowing pious hopes like salt. If only in case it should prove so, their present appearance deserves to be recorded—respectable looking, mostly middle-aged or elderly, thinking nostalgically, perhaps, of the days when they spoke defiantly at open-air meetings and sang the Red Flag defiantly on town hall steps.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

5 5

No Ghosting

"The competition is strictly for work not previously published or broadcast; living authors only are eligible."

The Sunday Times





Alexander at Babylon being pressed by his officers to appoint a successor.

[After John Martin, an exhibition of whose paintings has been opened at the Whitechapel Gallery.]

Punctuation as an Aid to Loose Thinking BY KENNETH TYNAN

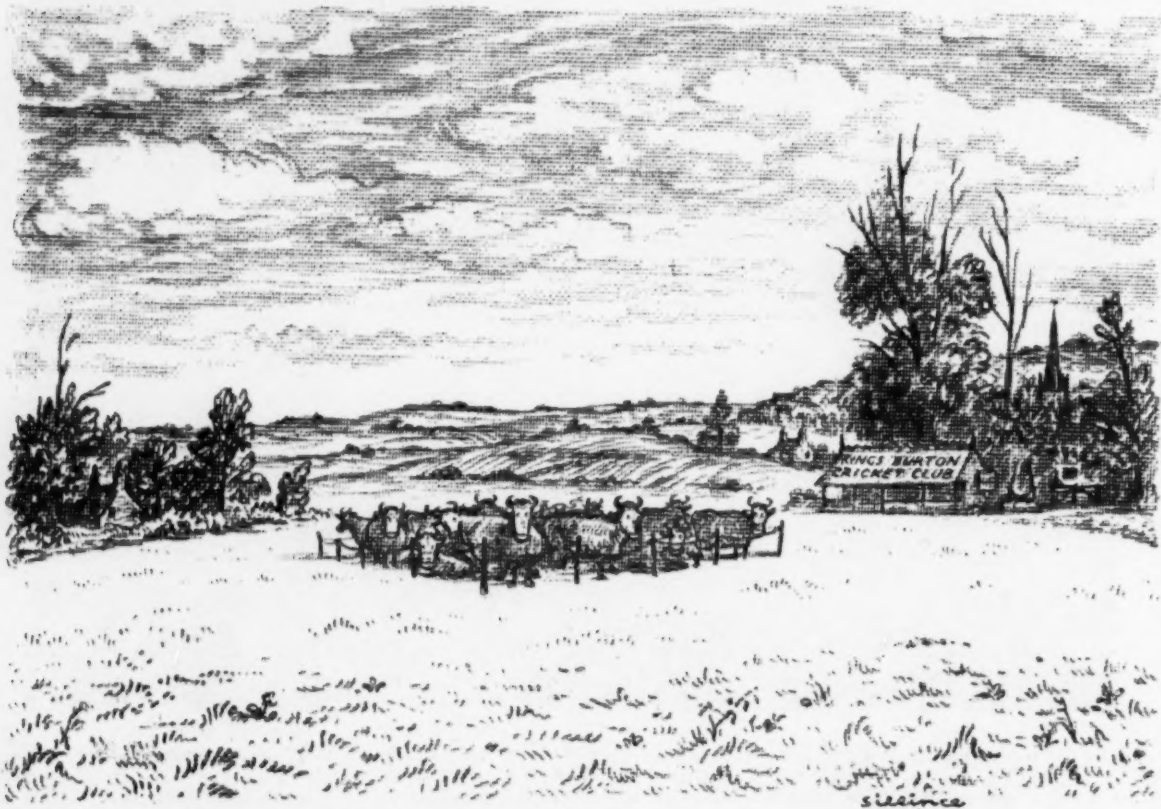
PUNCTUATION is more powerful than we think. I have reached this conclusion after many hours spent staring nervously at the gay little hieroglyphs on my typewriter keyboard; and, more especially, after re-reading Ronald Firbank, whose characters conduct whole colloquies in punctuation. Some tourist princess, eyeing a garage mechanic, will idly wonder "...?..": to which her duenna will respond with a bristling and appalled "!!!!": and so on, indefinitely. Firbank's virtuosity set me thinking. Punctuation, I have since discovered, can not only talk; it can help you to make friends and influence people. What follows is a preliminary guide, designed to show how a working knowledge of dots and dashes can disguise almost any lameness of brain and make it look as stylish as all get out.

1. The Exclamation Mark. Unfashionable nowadays, and essential only to hyperthyroid types, such as sub-editors who seek to liven up one's copy with cheery interpolations like: "Strange state of affairs!" or "What a funny coincidence!" Nevertheless, the E. Mark can still occasionally do good service by infusing a shot of bright astonishment into the greyest platitudes. "Aha," by itself, is dull news; but by adding an E. Mark ("Aha!") you evoke a circle of raised eyebrows and a whole penumbra of fascinated incredulity. The margins of borrowed books are true E. Mark territory. "!" is the correct comment on hanging participles in the text. Reserve "!!" for such statements as "Shelley was the first anarchist" or "I never finished *War and Peace*."

2. The Question Mark. Two principal usages: (a) to build up

suspense. Not recommended, except in such crude forms as the epistolary: "And then we played the Truth Game and *what* do you suppose Madge came out with? ? ?" Variations of this are in frequent journalistic use, hopefully following up a limp and quite pointless anecdote: "The little boy's name? Mahatma Gandhi." (b) More advanced, the rhetorical question which the writer himself cannot be bothered to answer. On these occasions a Q. Mark saves no end of trouble. Example: "Who will deny that Bankhead's Camille outshone Bernhardt's?"

3. The Semi-Colon. Here we arrive at the prize-winning supporting crutch of English prose. Its proper function (now outmoded) is to transform a sentence into a seesaw, along which the mind ambles, balancing for a moment before the



slow swoop into the final clause. Since Sir Thomas Browne's day, the semi-colon has been accepted as a valid adjunct to literary choreography. Unfortunately Browne's style is almost inimitable (without the Demon Skill), and he is as misleading a model to the writer as Chekhov is to the dramatist.

But do not lose heart. The semi-colon remains a boon to the weary; a hammock in which any sick sentence (this one, for instance) can convalesce and start afresh. It enables you to snuff out a statement and begin again without recapitulation or apology; e.g.: "Everything he did stripped strength of its arrogance; his pride forswore cruelty; it mingled iron will with mercy; he had, it might be said, compassion." Four sentences for the price and sense of one, and a splendid tribute to the semi-colon's genius for extending a half-thought into a paragraph.

4. The Comma. Particularly helpful to novelists working against time. E.g.: "Nobody noticed she was there, and nobody stared at her, and nobody laughed, but everyone sensed her, sensed her special chill, and felt a pang, and everyone shifted a little, and changed the subject, and was suddenly ashamed." Here the comma has come to the rescue with a posse, like the cavalry at the end of a Western.

Note: the difference between the comma and the semi-colon is Pride.

5. The Three Dots (...). Another haven for the tired novelist, in which connexion it should not be confused with the American gossip-writer's usage: "Drayton Drought gifted ex-wife Mabs with platinum spoon. Could be Sir Stork has taken up that option..." If, having begun to write a novel, you keep falling asleep at the foot of page six, simply add three dots and sell it as a short story. The dots will have given you "mood" and "an indefinable flavour of your own." For instance: "As night left the sky, an odd thing happened to Louisa May. The pallor vanished from her cheeks. The sad small eyes ripened. The nose perked up, questing. And once or twice, oh! so tentatively, Louisa May chuckled..." This represents

the Pen-Dropped-From-Nerveless-Fingers school of modern fiction.

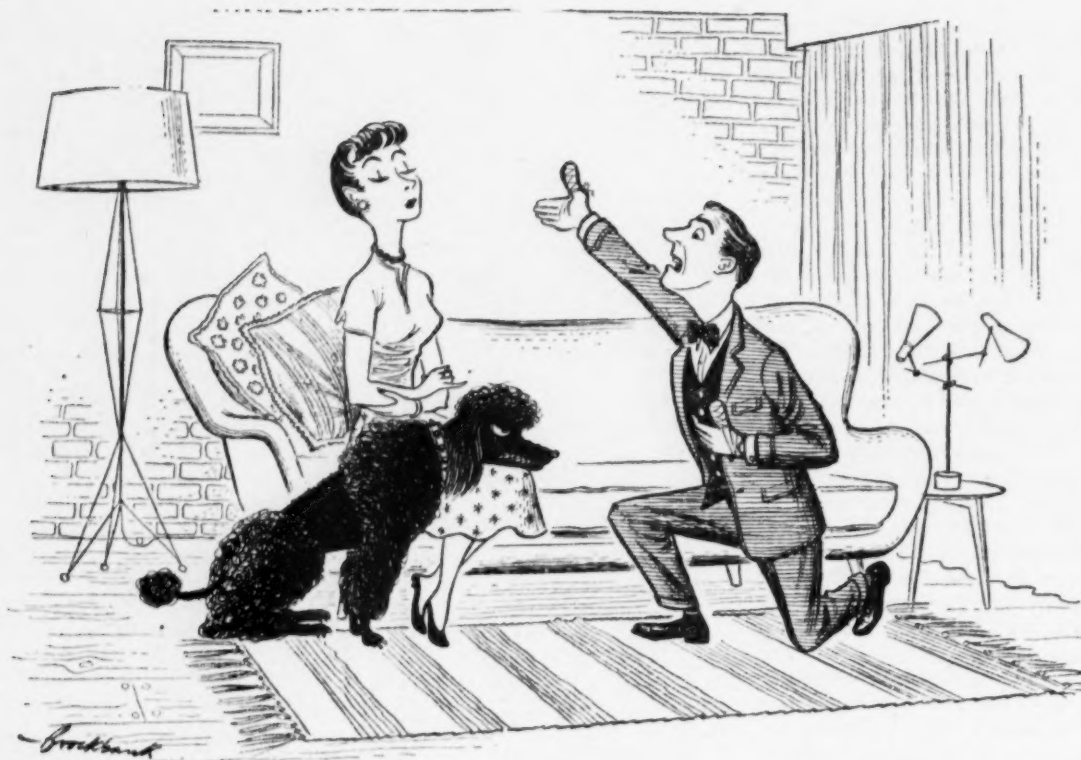
6. Quotes. These are unrivalled as receptacles for (a) opinions you are chary of admitting to, and (b) little epigrams of your own whose brilliance genuinely frightens you, since they stand out like obelisks from the desert of your normal style. But quotes demand toil. Their use involves the invention of fictional characters. Any writer of profiles will testify, however, that the results are well worth the labour. Suggestions: when writing about a theatrical personality, invent an omniscient and picturesque stage-hand. Keep using him. He can help you round off a paragraph like this one: "One of the mannerisms Bibber

never quite shook off was his habit of resorting to a shrill falsetto in moments of extreme passion. On one occasion a stage-hand, listening in the wings, is reputed to have murmured to a colleague: 'E thinks 'e's back in the choir at the ruddy Sistyne Chapple!'"

Again, many a pun has passed into legend when fathered on what is usually called "a jaded voice." Example: "Several critics have pointed out that Rokesby's style would have been improved if he had borrowed from the best writers, instead of the second-raters. At one cocktail party given in his honour a jaded voice was heard to remark: 'Rokesby? He's just a wagon-load of *manqués*!'" You will note, as a



"And now the team will endeavour to answer any questions you may care to put to them."



point of technique, that the author had to get his mouthpiece a little flushed before he got that one off.

7. Parentheses. In expert hands these are identical with quotes. Use them as a shroud for unsupported opinions you want to throw in without being challenged. E.g.: "His much underrated speech at Toronto (superior in many respects to the Gettysburg Address) caused a sensation in what was then a prairie township."

8. Italics. Never fail to act like a tonic on a moribund paragraph. Italicise any word (*any* word) in the last sentence, and your worries are over. What had been numb with inanity will look fresh and sensitive. Literary critics should pay special attention: "His work communicates, from first to last, an impression of having been lived through and suffered with. Although it treads the rigid paths of logic, there is anguish between the lines. It has the *ravaged* look of all great polemic." Or, to take a more complex instance:

"Wordsworth was not only a good poet, but also—and in a very real sense—a *good* poet."

Vocal italics, of course, are the heart and backbone of radio oratory, to which they can often lend the appearance of deliberate, consecutive thought: "The *kind* of thing I'm getting at isn't really very *new*. It's *old*; as old as *time*. I'm looking for a *basis*—a basis of *endeavour*—on which, in a spirit of *co-operation* . . ." This will later be described as "a bold but considered declaration of faith in the workings of democracy."

9. The Hyphen. Seen at its best in such triumphantly cryptic phrases as "the new-old sophistication of baroque" or "the curious classical-romantic quality of Fiesole." (If queried, explain that you didn't have space enough to develop the idea).

10. The Capital Letter. Old friends are best: this still comes in handy for the writer wishing to imply enormous respect for certain jumbo-size abstractions (e.g. Death,

Nation, Dark Gods) which he would prefer not to define. Here is an opportunity well taken: "The poet's task is to disentangle the frail, perishable sinews of Beauty, and to plait them into the durable vine that is called Art." In a limited edition you might even get away with "Poet."

Note: the difference between pride and *Pride* is pride.

* * * * *

That seems to cover most of the ground. Quite intentionally, I have left one gaping omission. It concerns the least versatile symbol of all. There is no joy in discussing the single, unalterable function of the full stop.

§ §

"At seventeen he tried Russian roulette—the game of loading a bullet in a revolver, spinning the chamber and firing at your head. After five shots, 'I wasn't even excited.' He stopped after six, bored."

Daily Express, on Graham Greene
Through the head?

The Truth about Cats

BY LIONEL HALE

IT was at the ante-penultimate World Conference in 65,700 B.C. or thereabouts, held in what is now known as Rio de Janeiro, that the senior delegate from Upper Silesia rose, amid cordial mews. This venerable tortoise-shell stroked his white whiskers, surveyed the Assembly for a long silence, and began . . .

We shall see what he said. First, I must break on the world my theory, or rather the Truth, about Cats. I am myself little known, for I have been immured in my study ever since the midsummer evening ten years ago when I idly surveyed the Look on the Face of a Cat, and wondered what could have caused it. Remote, serene, Olympian, cynical, faintly amused, undoubtedly contemptuous—what lay behind that look? I have been locked in my study ever since, with meals on trays, contemplating the mystery of Cats, and now emerge with the Truth.

Cats, in some Golden Age for which mankind has ever since mourned unknowingly, ruled the world. In local council, in national debate, or in World Assembly, it was the cats who gave law, administered justice, raised taxes, organized food supplies for all the animal kingdom, and pursued perfection in Government, issuing White Papers and laying drains, and the Lord knows what.

So just, so wise were they as rulers that the animal kingdom was happy—the camel carrying merchandise across the desert, the cow proudly giving milk to the lords of the world, the sloth decoratively suspended from the branch of a tree, man coiled prettily on the hearth-rug gazing at his master with affectionate eyes, each in his station, and all blissful.

The cats, on the other hand, suffered atrociously from work, conscience, doubt, hesitation, pain, intestinal ulcers, and neuroses of bewildering variety. They bore all with a noble calm; but care (and the saying has trickled through to us down the ages) killed many a cat.

It was therefore to a delighted

World Assembly in 65,700 B.C.—or, as I say, thereabouts—that the delegate from Upper Silesia disclosed his revolutionary proposal. "This Assembly," he said, "for which I have the most profound respect, has spent the last week discussing such matters as the illegal traffic in elephants across Africa, the continued nuisance of the tsetse-fly, the inexplicable presence of the useless vermiform appendix in the man, and the unnecessary odour of the goat. As things are, this Assembly (God bless it) will continue to debate—and loftily debate—such

matters for ever and ever. And I ask a question." Here the delegate from Upper Silesia paused for an effective moment. "I ask: Why?"

In the silence that followed, the delegate from what is now Sierra Leone was heard to ask "Why not?"; and he from what is now Eire to suggest that it was time for luncheon; and he from our present Pas de Calais awoke with a start from what is still called a cat-nap and is still common at Assemblies.

"Why?" repeated the great-great - great - great - grandsire from Upper Silesia. And then, in a



"I can't wear diamonds."

sudden rhetorical burst that was to find an echo later in Alfred Lord Tennyson, he passionately broke out: "Why should we toil alone, we only toil, who are the first of things? Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?" (*Loud meus, and cries of "Purr, purr."*)

The President, who came from what is now Chelsea in London, where cats to this day are uncommonly quick-witted, instantly proclaimed an Emergency Session Extraordinary. My researches suggest (and, if they cannot be proved, they cannot at any rate be denied) that two sub-committees were formed on the spot: Rio de Janeiro, you recall. The first Sub-Committee was to lay down, once and for all, the ideal life for any animal. The second Sub-Committee, no less important, was to make recommendations about the animal considered most fit for the drudgery of Government, and most likely to bow down under the transfer of Power to himself. Both sub-committees were to report back in one thousand years precisely: funds were voted: and the delegates dispersed to their various homes around the globe.

In 64,700 B.C., therefore (or still thereabouts), the Sub-Committees reported to the Assembly, in what is now only a jungle clearing in Assam. The Assembly accepted *in toto* the

recommendations of the first—briefly, that the requirements of the ideal life were warmth by a fire, idleness, digestible food in the shape of milk and fish, and the free nocturnal association of the sexes to their conjoint and mutual pleasure and profit, and to the continuance of the race.

The second Sub-Committee had undergone a somewhat stormy one thousand years, in an attempt to find a suitable ruler among the animal kingdom. Delegates from the territories now known as Sweden, the Ukraine, the Westward Isles, and the Gorbals, had advanced various candidates; but all had disadvantages. The dog, while intelligent enough, was loutish and clumsy, and had sharp teeth. The snake seemed suitable, except for the damning fact that you could not hear him coming. Cows were vain, and tortoises unaffable, and polar bears unsuitable to many climates. Goats would be fine, but the Assembly had not yet got over its difficulty of one thousand years ago about goats. Birds might turn out to be too observant, especially owls at night. There was much to be said for the elephant: but he lived long, and no Premier-elephant could be trusted to retire.

It came down to the man. He was brute stupid, but he was a born slave. "Let him be," said an epigrammatic Persian, "a slave to Duty." Man was received by the Assembly with acclamation.

It would be wearisome to detail the Committee work, but over the next twenty thousand years Man was trained to his duties. Little by little, by flattery and education and Indirect Rule, Man learned to take over the responsibilities of life, the cats slipping slowly and subtly from their powers and their position. In the British Museum there is an Egyptian picture, commonly supposed to be of a man training a cat to hunt birds. It is no such thing: it is a cat training an Egyptian.

The formal transfer of power, the final abnegation, was planned for the last World Assembly in 44,700 B.C., or, once again, thereabouts. Yet at its very outset the brilliant young Siamese delegate produced a perplexing question. "Man is to take

over," he said. "He will feed and cherish cattle for meat: elephants for lumber work: horses for transport. But is there any reason why he should feed and cherish cats?"

The brilliant young Siamese delegate had his own reply to his own question. "The solution," he said, "lies in mice. The man, ruler now of the world, is ruled by his womankind; and his womankind fears mice. Let us therefore put about a lie—a black and infamous lie, but a lie in a good cause—the lie that we cats catch mice." The resolution was adopted, the Assembly dispersed for ever, and Man ruled.

Dimly, vestigially; down the aeons come memories of the Government of Cats, in the myths of the Cat-headed gods of the Nile Valley, in innumerable folk tales of India, in the universal feeling of inferiority of Man in the presence of the Cat. There Pussy sits, revelling in the grotesque name, warm by the fire, crammed with milk and fish, enjoying the jest behind half-closed eyes: there he prowls on the tiles, contemptuously yowling triumph. And, ever and again, he still keeps up the old fiction, catches a mouse, and shows it—in self-preserving propaganda—to all the deluded household.

This, and only this, explains the Look on the Face of the Cat: sated, cynical, disdainful, remembering. Yet even in those eyes there occasionally flickers for an instant, across the mirrored amber, a look of self-reproach, of vexation, of regret. It comes when an old lady pauses in her knitting, sighs, and says "I really must have dear Tommy seen to." In all its years of deliberation, for all its ancient wisdom, the Assembly never thought of that. To us animals, perfect fore-knowledge has not yet been granted; and there is no future without flaw.



JH

"Watch for
'KAMPONG SENTOSA'
(in Malay)

Malaya's Struggle Against Tourists!"
From a cinema poster in Taiping

It's new, anyway.



"C'est notre dernier modèle. Pour le fisque, vous voyez, ça fait très pauvre, mais elle a un moteur de 25 chevaux et marche à 130 à l'heure."

Insubstantial Heir

THE chamber that I was born in had no key;
The casements were always open, had no blinds.
And all about were sands and the shifting sea
And changing clouds and the myriad moving winds.

There was a legend waving above the porch,
Over the doors wide open by day, by night;
Under a finger aloft like a weaving torch
"Reflect," it read, "the other man may be right!"

The sky and sea were ever-changingly new;
Nothing was fixed; the sun rose up and declined,
The moon moved over our mobile Unbiased View
Where we watched from the roof-top terrace called
Open Mind.

Here did I live as a lad till I grew a man.
Then I made my journey, reached unfamiliar shores
Where the houses were built on a uniform different plan,
With windows that shut, with bolts on the barring
doors.

The light there was dim, the vistas not varied, not wide;
Had they opened the shutters, little in truth to see.
Perhaps it was this that made it a matter of pride
To hold what they once had seen behind lock and key.

There was something to say for it, probably, something
to say,
But I never got *into* that, never, try as I would.
I had claustrophobia there, the whole time of my
stay—
A pity; I'd like, I *ought*, to have understood.

Last, then, I turned back to my home, to the weaving
cloud,
To the moving sea, to the terrace called
Open Mind.
I called . . . a vacuous echo called back as loud:
Moved through those open doors . . . ah, nothing
behind!

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



Glaphyra and the Lazy Dog

BY R. A. KNOX

THERE was a letter in *The Times* the other day from a man who wanted to teach a French boy typewriting. What was the equivalent, he asked, for that time-honoured finger exercise, THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG?

Not writing letters to *The Times* is a form of spiritual discipline at which I claim to be an adept. But this was a special opportunity; the kind of correspondence that stirs Printing House Square to its depths, and I wanted to be in early, so as to show ingenuity. In this I was well-advised, for other correspondents have since offered some rather lame suggestions. Half-way through the morning, having negotiated a tricky turning in Thessalonians, I found I could not keep away from it. I tried, at first, to be literal. But there wasn't much to be said for LE RENARD BRUN QUI COURT VITE S'ÉLANÇE À TRAVERS LE CHIEN FAÎNÉANT. The English version gets in all the twenty-six letters of the alphabet with only nine spares. Here was I with a total of fifty-three letters, and even so I had left out GJKMPWXXZ. The other finger exercises were no better; I didn't know the French for packing one's box with five dozen liquor-jugs, and MAINTENANT EST LE TEMPS POUR TOUS LES BONHOMMES VENIR À L'AIDE DU PARTI was purely derisory. The French version would have to be something quite different.

K and w held me up a good deal

at first. Kaiser Wilhelm looked promising: FUYEZ, KAISER WILHELM, À DIXMUE or something of that kind. But one doesn't like to look too dated, even in *The Times*. A good start was made with LE KHEDIVE A DIX MOSQUES PRÈS DE BYZANCE, which turns most of the difficult corners. Was there anything in the kiwi—FUYEZ, KIWI, LE JAGUAR VOUS CHASSE or something? It had an unnatural ring about it, and at last I made up my mind to tell the editor that K and W weren't really used in French and I was going to leave them out.

This meant concentrating on QV XYZ as the difficult letters, though they aren't really so bad in French. FUYEZ must have got me thinking about the man who said "Run! The end of the world has begun," because my notes take on an eschatological colour at this point. FUYEZ LE JUGEMENT PROCHAIN DU CINQ OU SIX AVRIL—that, I may point out, gets in all my twenty-four letters except B, only I appeared to have exceeded the forty mark, and it looked as if I would have to make it snappier.

After that, I got "jugement exquis" ready-made from a French dictionary, and tried that for a bit. Then the phrase "Faites vos jeux" got hold of me, and I see there is a promising entry which runs FAITES VOS JEUX, TYPES MORNES—how many croupiers must have wanted to say "Put your money on, depressing specimens"! But the Z continued to elude me. HAÏSSEZ-VOUS, INGRATS,

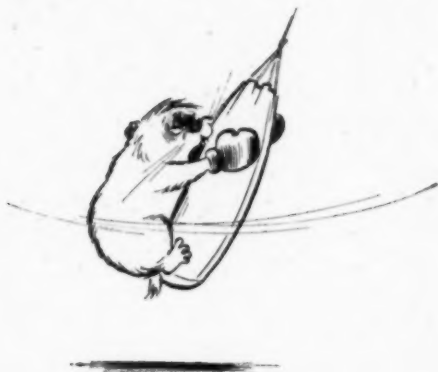
LE CAFÉ EXQUIS DE MON PAYS? is only short on B J, but it is a bit of a mouthful. I started on a new page, and drifted off into the grand manner of French poetry. FEREZ-VOUS INJURE AUX NYMPHES? might have come out of any of these fellows; and there is a sinister note of warning about JEUNE NYMPHE, VOUS AUREZ UN GRAND DÉBÂCLE—but is *débâcle* masculine? A Low-Latin word *debaculum*, perhaps? Anyhow, we are short on FIQTX. The useful word "nymph" was abandoned, and I touched my poetical high-water mark with BUVEZ, JEUNE FILLE AUX YEUX CALMES.

Buvez, jeune fille aux yeux calmes, Buvez . . .

Les yeux de jeune fille, si calmes etc. etc.

But she didn't pan out properly as a finger exercise, and my next effort is on a lower level altogether, VOYEZ QUE LA JEUNE FILLE TRIOMPHE AUX DOG-CUBS. Here all the letters are present and correct, and I should think an intelligent French typist would find "dog-cubs" a quite natural Anglicism.

In this poetical mood I began to remember unexpected tags from French literature. There was a thing of Daudet's which ended up "*les grands yeux de Balzac, qui regardait.*" I got as far, I see, as JE ME FICHE DES GRANDS YEUX DE BALZAC, which really wasn't too bad; but I couldn't get the full alphabet without adding QUI FIVOTAIT, and then you would have had to have something for him to pivot on.



Besides, I wasn't sure *The Times* would like me to fish myself of Balzac . . . "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog"—did somebody just sit down and think of that? Or did it cost years of trial and error? Of course, when you are translating, it is a good principle that you should transpose, if possible, not only the language but the thought. Now, the thought of this brown fox business is essentially English; it reflects the careless, amateur way in which we approach our sports; the hound lying there with its eyes so calm, because cub-hunting hasn't started yet. That is not how the French go to work; you imagine to yourself, rather, a team of tough athletes listening to a patriotic allocution from their coach . . . He says, *ACHEVEZ, CORPS GYMNASTIQUE, BIJOUX DE FRANCE*, hitting the thirty-seven mark and at the same time showing keenness about the plural of *bijou*.

But the plain fact is, the French use too many vowels. It was some hours later that I tumbled to this, and started looking about for good consonantal words. "Longchamp," where they have the hippie

concourses, at once suggested itself, and I found a useful opening in *LONGCHAMP! ASSEZ BON! EXQUIS!* But the typewriting people make it so difficult to print a shriek-mark that I was afraid my beginner would get discouraged; although at one time I had filled in the picture with *LONGCHAMP! J'Y ACQUIS ONZE HIBOUX*, and again, *LONGCHAMP! J'Y VIENS PORTANT MON FEZ*. This last word had such evident possibilities that I toyed with it for some time, even describing it otiosely as a *FEZ CYLINDRIQUE*. But in the end I abandoned Longchamp and took to Chypre, a useful word meaning Cyprus. *QUINZE BIJOUX VULGAIRES D'UN FUMET DE CHYPRE* touched thirty-seven again. Then I succumbed

(like Antony before me) to the attractions of Glaphyra; "*caduque*" seemed a suitable epithet, because the dictionary said it meant "frail," though it also means "decrepit." And now, by forced marches, I got down at last to the brown-fox record with thirty-four letters:

GLAPHYRE CADUQUE, METTEZ VOS BIJOUX FINS

There is an exercise for the budding stenographer; all his twenty-four letters, and only ten repeats. If he is worried about *k* and *w* he will have to address Glaphyra as a frail kiwi, which seems rather touching.

And yet . . . "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog"—somehow he has more life in him than the decrepit Glaphyra.

Liquid Assets

LITTLE, but long- and keenly-contested, were the Lihou and Quéhou Isles,

And like to be taken from under our nose by the foreigner's force or wiles.
So we took the case to the proper place, and sued six sovereign powers,
And never shall I forget the scene when the Court declared them ours.
A burly and bearded Swedish judge surreptitiously wiped his eyes,
And an Abyssinian advocate uttered his wailing and wolf-like cries;
The Spaniards sneered, and the Chileans cheered and banged on leather-bound books,

And the Frenchmen twisted their goatie beards and gave us murderous looks.
We toasted our triumph in old Tokay till the quaint old town was quiet,
And left for London the following day: and our welcome home was a riot.
And I myself had had much to do with the trial and, truth to relate,
Had been having a bit of a *succès fou* with my charter of Alfred the Great.
So it didn't seem less than what was due, and certainly wasn't more,
When I was given the governorship in the summer of 'fifty-four.

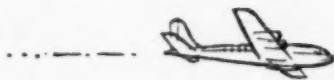
I sailed in May from Weymouth Bay with never a thought or care
In charge of an ancient man called Fred, who said he could get me there.
The sea was as green as aquamarine and smooth as the bore of a gun,
And rose and fell in a windless swell that glittered against the sun.
We sailed on south by east by east till Fred considered it best
To turn the boat about and sail on north by west by west.
We sailed by west, we sailed by east, we sailed by day and night,
But never a Lihou leapt to view or a Quéhou came in sight.
But once we grounded on silent sand and crept ashore in the dark,
But found by day that this was a bay and we were stuck on Sark.
And once we heard the surf in the night, and up with the helm, and cheered;
But the tide came up with the morning light, and the damned place disappeared.

That was all fifty years ago, when I was forty-nine,
But until I've taken over the post, I'm damned if I'm going to resign.
We'll govern Lihou and Quéhou yet, given the strength to persist,
Or trade them away to Uruguay for something that *does* exist.

P. M. HUBBARD



"Now there's just one little wife again."



"George had a wonderful trip. Johannesburg to . . .



. . . Salisbury . . .



. . . on to . . .



. . . Cairo . . .



. . . touching down at . . .



. . . Rome, then . . .



. . . home to . . .



. . . London."

Boswell on the Grand Tour

FAREWELL TO VOLTAIRE



THURSDAY 27 DECEMBER. BOSWELL. "You speak good English." VOLTAIRE. "Oho! I have scraps of Latin for the vicar.—Addison is a great genius. His character shines in his writings.—Dr. Clarke was a metaphysical clock. A proud priest. He thought he had all by demonstration; and he who thinks so is a madman." BOSWELL. "Johnson is a most orthodox man, but very learned; has much genius and much worth." VOLTAIRE. "He is then a dog. A superstitious dog. No worthy man was ever superstitious." BOSWELL. "He said the King of Prussia wrote like your footboy, etc." VOLTAIRE. "He is a sensible man.—Will you go and see the Pretender at Rome?" BOSWELL. "No. It is high treason." VOLTAIRE. "I promise you I shall not tell your king of you. I shall not betray you. You would see a bigot: a poor being." BOSWELL. "His son is worse. He is drunk every day. He kicks women, and he ought to be kicked." VOLTAIRE. "Homer was the only man who took it into his head to write twelve thousand verses upon two or three battles.—It is diverting to hear them say *Old England*." BOSWELL. "Sir, 'Old England,' 'Old Scotland,' and 'Old France' have experienced a quite different effect from that..." VOLTAIRE. "You have the best government in the world. If it gets bad, heave it into the ocean; that's why you have the ocean all about you. You are the slaves of laws. The French are slaves of men. In France every man is either an anvil or a hammer; he is a beater or

must be beaten." BOSWELL. "Yet it is a light, a genteel hammer." VOLTAIRE. "Yes, a pocket hammer. We are too mean for our governors to cut off our heads. We are on the earth; they trample us."

VOLTAIRE. "Shakespeare, often two good lines, never six. A madman, by G-d, a buffoon at Bartholomew Fair. No play of his own, all old stories." Chess. "I shall lose, by G-d, by all the saints in Paradise. Ah, here I am riding on a black ram, like a whore as I am—Falstaff from the Spaniards." BOSWELL. "I'll tell you why we admire Shakespeare." VOLTAIRE. "Because you have no taste." BOSWELL. "But, Sir—" VOLTAIRE. "Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos—all Europe is against you. So you are wrong." BOSWELL. "But this is because we have the most grand imagination." VOLTAIRE. "The most wild—Pope drives a chaise with a couple of neat trim nags but Dryden a coach and six, with postilions and all." Repeated well some passages of Dryden. BOSWELL. "What is memory? Where lodge all our ideas?" VOLTAIRE. "As Thomson says, where sleep the winds when it is calm? Thomson was a great painter. Milton, many beauties and many faults, as there is nothing perfect in this damned world. His imitators are unintelligible. But when he writes well, he is quite clear." BOSWELL. "What think you of our comedy?" VOLTAIRE. "A great deal of wit, a great deal of plot, and a great deal of bawdy-houses." BOSWELL. "What think you of *Fingal*?" VOLTAIRE. "Why, it is like a psalm of David. But there are noble passages in it. There are in both. The Homer of Scotland."

SATURDAY 29 DECEMBER. I this morning visited Monsieur Rieu and Monsieur de Belle Pré, a gentleman-painter. They lived in the same room. I then visited my excellent Père Adam, who gives lessons to some of the young servants and is in all respects obliging. I talked of religion and found him to be a sincere Christian. He said, "I pray for Monsieur de Voltaire every day. Perhaps it will please God to touch his heart and make him see the true religion. It is a pity that he is not a Christian. He has many virtues. He has the most beautiful soul. He is benevolent; he is charitable; but he is very strongly prejudiced against the Christian religion. When he is serious I try to say a word to him; but when he is in the humour of casting shafts of ridicule, I hold my peace." Worthy father! How strange is the system of human things! I reasoned with him against the eternity of hell's torments. He could not escape from the opinion of the Church, but his humanity made him say, "I shall be delighted if it proves to be otherwise." I then went with Rieu and saw the theatre of Monsieur de Voltaire. It is not large, but very handsome. It suggested to me a variety of very pleasing ideas. One circumstance rendered Monsieur de Voltaire's particularly agreeable to me. My association of ideas was such that I constantly thought of Temple. I can account for this.

Some years ago he wrote to my father proposing that he and I should go together to study at Geneva, and should see "Voltaire! Rousseau! immortal names!" Besides, we used to talk much of Voltaire with Nicholls and Claxton. Such little circumstances which recall my dear friend are valuable.

I next went with the secretary and saw Monsieur de Voltaire's library, which was tolerably numerous, and in very good order. I saw there the *Elements of Criticism* and, by the secretary's denying it, I was persuaded that Voltaire had written the severe letter upon this book in the *Gazette littéraire*. The Jansenists used to publish against the Jesuits what they called *Mémoires ecclésiastiques*. Voltaire has got a thick volume of them bound up with the title of *Sottises ecclésiastiques*. I saw upon a shelf an octavo with this title, *Tragédies barbares*. I was sure they must be English. I took down the book, and found it contained *Cleone, Elfrida, Caractacus*. I was mightily amused with these little sallies, which were quite in the taste of Sir David Dalrymple. I heartily wish Voltaire had titled more of his books.

I was dressed the first time at Ferney in my sea-green and silver, and now in my flowered velvet. Gloom got hold of me at dinner, in so much that I thought I would not be obliged to stay here for a great deal of money. And yet in reality I would be proud and pleased to live a long time *chez* Monsieur de Voltaire. I was asked to return when I should be at Lyons. I took an easy leave of the Company. Monsieur de Voltaire was very ill to-day, and had not appeared. I sent my respects to him, and begged to be allowed to take leave of him. He sent to me his compliments and said he would see me. I found him in the drawing-room, where I had near half an hour with him; at least, more than a quarter. I told him that I had marked his conversation. He seemed pleased. This last conversation shall also be marked. It was truly singular and solemn.

Well, I must here pause, and as an impartial philosopher decide concerning myself. What a singular being do I find myself! Let this my journal show what variety my mind is capable of. But am I not well received everywhere? Am I not particularly taken notice of by men of the most distinguished genius? And why? I have neither profound knowledge, strong judgment, nor constant gaiety. But I have a noble soul which still shines forth, a certain degree of knowledge, a multiplicity of ideas of all kinds, an original humour and turn of expression, and, I really believe, a remarkable knowledge of human nature. This is different from a knowledge of the world as much as is the knowledge of a florist, who understands perfectly the works of Nature, from that of him who understands flowers formed by art. The florist perceives in general that the artificial flowers are not natural, but whether they are made of gummed linen, of china, or of copper, he cannot tell. So I know in general your men of the world to be artificial, but am not able to develop their different qualities. What is really Man I think I know pretty well. With this I have a pliant ease of manners which must please. I can tune myself so to the tone of any bearable man I am with that he is as much at freedom as with another self, and,

till I am gone, cannot imagine me a stranger. Perhaps my talents are such as procure me more happiness than those of a more elevated kind. Were it not for my black hypochondria, I might be a practical epicurean.

I departed from this château in a most extraordinary humour, thinking hard, and wondering if I could possibly, when again in Scotland, again feel my most childish prejudices. When I got to Geneva, I was visited by young Chappuis, to whom I said, "Monsieur de Voltaire is a poet, he is a sublime poet, and goes very high. Monsieur Rousseau is a philosopher, and goes very deep. One flies, the other plunges." This is clumsily said, but the thought is not bad.

"Luxuriously unfurnished flat in modern block overlooking Hyde Park."—Advertisement in *Kensington Post*
Room for one of those lovely stretches.



Sleeping Partner

BY RICHARD GORDON

SURGEONS are traditionally accused by the medical profession of introducing two necessary evils—wound infection and anaesthetists. In the past hundred years both of these have fortunately become less dangerous to human life.

When chloroform was still a novelty and gas a luxury, the anaesthetist was a seedy practitioner, a Coroner's familiar, creeping round hospitals and nursing homes with a rag of lint in one pocket of his coat tail and a bottle of ether in the other. With this equipment he could perform his shaky tricks instantly and anywhere, like a strolling conjurer. The surgeon took the limelight and ninety per cent of the fee: the anaesthetist at his best was only a Jeeves, ready to smooth the surgical progress of his master, to encourage him in clinical distress, and to temper discreetly his operative enthusiasms. He was a butt for all the hearty surgical fun that battens on blood and sterile towels—how relieved the nurses were when Sir Lancelot's wrath at a moving target was canalized into: "If the patient can keep awake, Mr. Anaesthetist, so can you!" From his perch at the head of the table he yawned beneath his mask at weary accounts of

forgotten anatomical battles, and he left the hospital by bicycle in the dust of the surgical limousine.

As operations became longer and anaesthetists had more hours of comparative inactivity to meditate over their humility, they invented a scheme to assert their personalities in the operating theatre. The trick was simple: they repudiated the rag-and-bottle, and invented a machine a-glitter with chromium plate and taps to administer the anaesthetic for them. At first the surgeons pretended amusement, and made jokes about "The Gas, Fight, and Choke Company." But they were mystified and intimidated, particularly when the anaesthetist strolled away for a cup of coffee and left his patient tranquilly free-wheeling. It had previously been plain to everyone in the theatre that any damn fool with a bottle and a roll of lint could give anaesthetic, but even the dullest junior probationer could now see that the manipulation of this secret machine needed the fused skills of an engineer, pilot, and safebreaker.

The anaesthetists coolly pressed their advantage. The machines became bigger and more aggressive, forcing the surgeon to operate uncomfortably in the remaining corner of the theatre. Anaesthetists boldly told their own stories across the towel clips, and the daily operating list ended politely with "General Anaesthetic, Dr. Tompkins, please." Surgeons who once began an operation by plunging knife into abdomen with a roar of "Is he asleep, Bill?" waited patiently for permission, with sterile gloves meekly clasped. Afterwards they bowed over the swab bucket, as the anaesthetist neutralized his apparatus with a pair of spanners, and said "Thank you, Dr. Tompkins—a very beautiful anaesthetic. We shall have the pleasure of working together next week, I presume?" Two limousines now left the hospital courtyard together.

When surgeons and anaesthetists reunited after the war they were faced with problems of readjustment as powerful as those of any other

long separated couple. The surgeons had seen Army doctors at work with squares of flannel and ether cans, and had learnt so much about lorries, guns, tanks, and radio sets from enthusiastic brother officers that they were no longer frightened of an anaesthetist's civilian equipment. But they were infuriated to find that anaesthetists had assumed the grand simplicity; heavy apparatus was pushed into theatre sister's store room, and modern anaesthesia conducted with a single syringe.

This concentration in the anaesthetist's armament was permitted by purification of the curare arrow-poison from South America: the Brazilian pigmy blows a curare-tipped dart into his victim before eating him, and the British anaesthetist sticks a curare-filled syringe into his patient before dishing him up to the surgeon. But as more and more unwanted side-effects of the arrow-poison were discovered, and more and more drugs were invented to counteract them, the anaesthetist's syringes grew into a battery of violent poisons and antidotes.

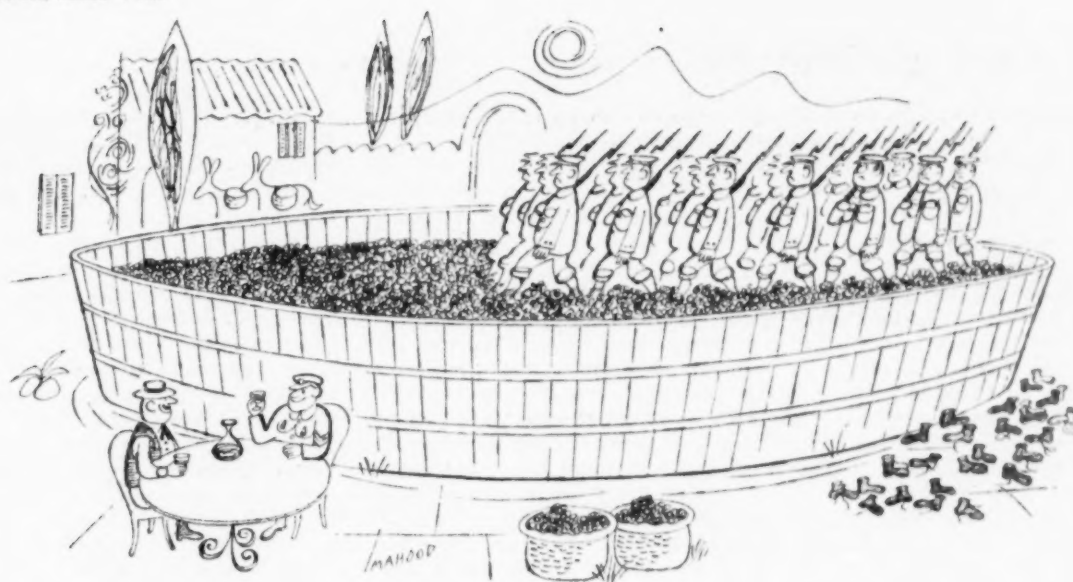
To-day he arrives at the hospital in a van, which contains his assistants and a number of expensive electronic machines to let him know the pulse rate and blood pressure without having to count them. The surgeon is allowed to operate as long as his manipulations do not disturb the anaesthesia: to complain that the narcosis is not sufficiently profound is as unthinkable as sending back the speciality at a famous restaurant. Anaesthetists are friendly men, and have no malignancy in their new mastery: every one of them thoughtfully thanks the surgeon at the end of the operation for making, with his skill, their superb anaesthetic necessary.

"The chairman of the committee, Councillor G. L. Matthews, commented: 'We, in our desire for road safety, have said from time to time that every motorcyclist should wear at least a crash helmet.'"—*Evening News*

Coventry papers please copy.



"When!"



EARL'S COURT DIARY

BY MARJORIE RIDDELL

He Never Thinks He's Past Love

AM unable to comprehend utter *complacency* and *CONCEIT* of old roués. Is extraordinary that elderly playboy assumes without question that he's *completely irresistible*.

Was trapped into lunch last Friday with sugar daddy met on holiday. Spent all morning thinking, yes, will go; no, won't; yes, will, can't just not turn up; yes, *can* just not turn up, not my fault if can't get in touch with him, suppose had broken leg, couldn't go then. Must go, don't be mean. Don't care if am mean, can't face ghastly lunch.

So didn't go.

And *would* have been ghastly. Will never forget hideous dinner with admirer *circa* 110 exactly like old frog. Was very young then, about three years ago, and thought old frog would be interesting. Started off with cocktail in bar, and old frog said "Call me Hereward." ! ! ! ! !

Then went in to dinner and old frog went into action. Issued orders, objected to everything, argued about everything, demanded everything not on menu, had waiters flapping about all over place, and all the time kept eye on me to see if impressed. *Awful*. Felt self shrinking minute by minute.

Then half-way through wonderful dinner which I hated, suddenly noticed *female* at next table watching. Caught my eye, sneered. Sneered back.

Hideous evening crawled to a close, and swore NEVER AGAIN.

But after lunch didn't have with holiday sugar daddy felt *very mean*. All afternoon kept thinking poor old man, am worm.

Was depressed when got home, then message on hall table from landlady. "Your friend kept ringing why not there lunch? Are ill? Your friend will ring again this evening."

Old STINKER. Rushed upstairs to dump shopping, then was rushing out for rest of evening when met landlady on stairs. Sugar daddy on 'phone, and Mrs. P. had told him I was in.

S.d. "Are all right? Couldn't understand it. Said to self, such nice young lady wouldn't be unkind to poor old gentleman who been looking forward so much to privilege of delightful lunch with charming young companion."

Self. "Am. terribly sorry, couldn't let you know, had to work right through lunch. Had sandwiches."

S.d. "But is terrible. Must have dinner to-night to make up."

Self. "Well, no, terribly sorry but—"

S.d. "To-morrow?"

Self. "Well, no, frightfully sorry but—"

S.d. "Sunday?"

Self. "Well, no, awfully sorry, but—"

S.d. "Monday?"

Self. "No. Won't be able to for weeks and weeks. Have lots of engagements, and nights no engagements am working late."

S.d. "How late?"

Self. "Never know how late till ten minutes before I go."

S.d. "Give me ring ten minutes before you go."

Self. "Might be midnight. And will have had sandwiches by then."

S.d. "How long this going on?"

Self. "Weeks and weeks and weeks."

S.d. "Drop me line when free."

Self. "No!"

Slammed down 'phone.

Would like to know why it is that if someone you'd like to go out with asks you when you really not free, he thinks you don't want to go and withdraws immediately like wounded tortoise.

A Day at the Sessions

BY GEOFFREY LINCOLN

IF you ask for the London Sessions at any garage slightly south of the Old Vic they will direct you and tell you to plead guilty and get it over. If you were a young barrister with a very white wig in a blue bag over your shoulder, they would probably tell you the same thing. The London Sessions—follow the trolley buses and turn left towards the Elephant and Castle—is no doubt an essential stage between the first glass of port that you are given on your Call Night and the Attorney-Generalship. It is a stage that most people like to get over.

Some don't. They cling to the Sessions. Their gowns hang around them frail and tattered as very old regimental banners, their wigs have grown grey and their voices tremulous. They must be supported to their seats with the aid of walking sticks, clerks and friendly policemen. Each has his place, jealously guarded, by right of prescription. It is

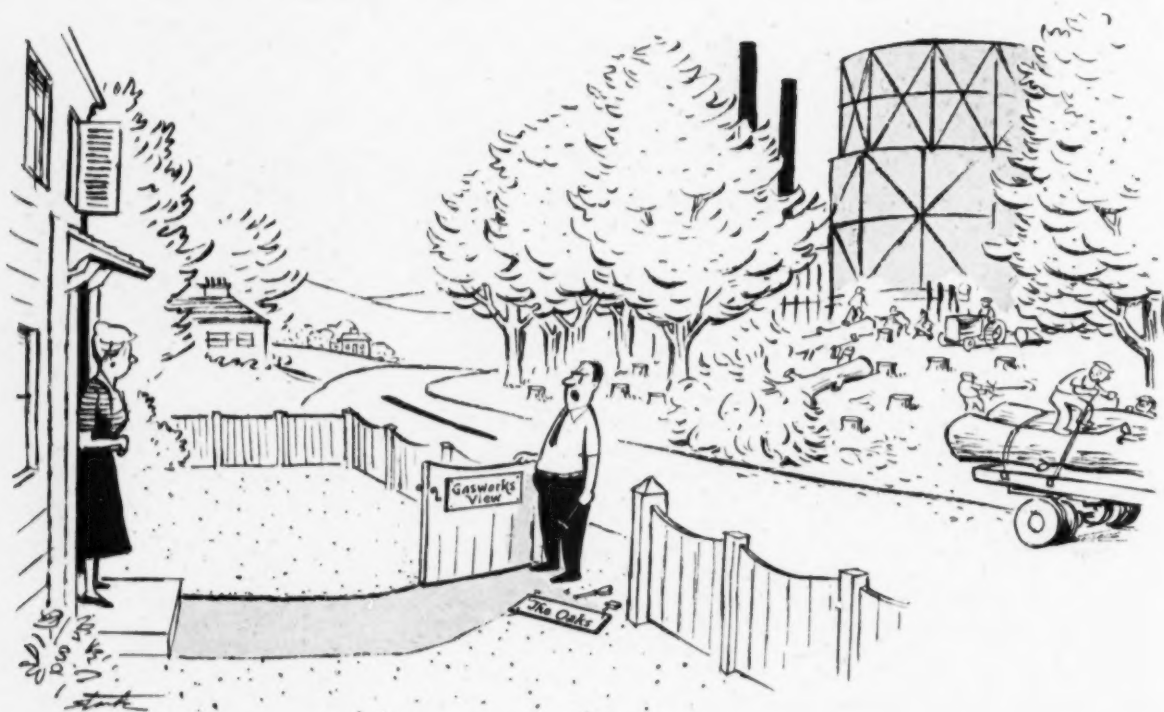
important to be clearly seen from the dock.

The reason for this is the Dock Brief. Any prisoner who is unrepresented, rising in his short eminence from the cells to survey the Court, can choose any Counsel who is in his place and robed to defend him. The fee for doing so is two guineas, which, if the trial lasts several days, makes the Bar a considerably worse-paid profession than selling evening papers outside the Borough tube-station. All the same, there are those who do not avoid the supercilious eye of the young South London criminal; it has been rumoured, baselessly, that very old and anxious practitioners have been known to catch his eye and wink.

It also may or may not be true that an enormous drayman, charged with receiving stolen offal, was asked whom he would like to defend him and was heard, in a husky gasp,

to ask for Sir Hartley Shawcross. When told that Sir Hartley was not expected south of the river that day he defended himself and was triumphantly acquitted.

Dock Briefs and "soup" prosecutions, dished out in rotation by the police, are the staple diet of the Sessions. It has been said that a long while ago, perhaps in the boyhood of the oldest man in the choicest seat, there was a terrible form of brief which could be obtained direct from the fugitive burglar himself, if you were lucky enough to meet up with him in the pubs along Newington Causeway. Those days, at any rate, are gone. But the benches are packed when they bring the prisoners up; among the old faces are the faces of the very young, even faces from Newnham and Girton, girls who may get their first chance of speaking in Court and who wait, their hair uneasily bunched under their wigs, writing long letters home in mauve



"Well, I'm for calling a spade a spade."

ink, their handbags on the bench in front of them.

In itself the Sessions is an imposing building, a little castle among the tobacconists and second-hand clothes shops. The spacious Number One Court is wired for sound and has microphones on the witness box, on the Bench and among the jury. This tempted a former Chairman, who rarely spoke above a whisper, to sum up, as it were, over the air to the jury, leaving the Bar mystified as to his directions. An unfortunate illness also made him a restless man, and a prisoner once complained that during the whole of his speech in mitigation the Chairman was lost from view, apparently searching for something on the floor, and only hobbled up at the end to whisper "Twelve months" into the microphone. However, he was a fine criminal lawyer and his sentences were liked, as they were never accompanied by those little platitudes which do so little to help the criminal. The present Chairman is a model of courtesy, clarity and distinction.

Of course, it is in many ways a tragic place, although it can seem almost cheerful in the hallways where the boys who have been out on bail, smart in their tieless black shirts, drainpipe trousers and white gabardine coats, wait with their copper-headed girl friends or spreading, philosophic Mums. There the solicitors chatter together like birds, and the plain-clothes-men, in old Rugby ties, talk about the Ryder Cup and give nothing away. It is worse in the cells, worse still in the women's cells, at the entrance to which a woman janitor sits by an empty cot.

It is tragic on the days when the list contains nothing but prisoners up for sentence. They look alike, small, with the yellow skins of South London, listening to their lists of previous convictions and of offences they want taken into consideration without interest or emotion. Over the years the sentences have increased in length and, apparently, in uselessness. Now they get an even longer one because no one has the time or the ingenuity to think of anything new to do with them.



It is at its best, as always in an English Court, during a hard-fought trial by jury. Solemnly sworn to do justice between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the prisoner at the Bar, twelve citizens sit uncomfortably together, their eyes flickering from the witness box to the Judge like spectators at a ping-pong match. A woman is charged with stealing; the case against her appears unanswerable. The jury listens, a man who might be a chemist taking notes, an old man in a scarf with his mouth half open, a large woman in a straw hat with her lips pursed; no one can tell what they are thinking. The Judge finishes his summing up. The police officer gets ready his list of previous convictions, the probation officer comes into court with her file. The gates of Holloway appear to be opening. The Clerk of the Court, burly and cheerful, rises for the formality of asking the verdict.

"Not Guilty."

Weakly, almost incredulously, the Clerk asks them: "Is that the verdict of you all?"

"It is."

So the woman walks out past the detectives and the probation officer into the sunlight of the Causeway. On the steps she pauses to light a cigarette. She is discharged. It sometimes happens.

But don't count on it too much. If ever you find yourself at the Sessions, better plead guilty and get it over.

"The Brighton bathing machine is small and the Prince Regent is large. It is obvious that some of his retinue must wait outside while he changes. Then when the door opens his Royal Highness's subterranean progress will be followed through a thousand telescopes on ship and shore."—Picture caption in *Everybody's*

All admiring his crawl.

The Ghost Knows Best

BY J. B. BOOTHROYD

THE announcement that Mr. Emmet Hughes is resigning as President Eisenhower's speech writer and going back to his old job on *Life* magazine may have shocked simple minds—not the resignation, which will attract general sympathy, but the existence of a Presidential speech writer at all. When a man speaks from the heart

it is nice to think that the heart is his own.

But a moment's thought shows the sound sense of such an arrangement. Talk, after all, is more and more the shaper of world events, and even an international figure with a soul full of action can't do more, most of the time, than issue statements saying how full of action it is. This takes words. And the man of action may not be a man of words at all. He may, for example, be satisfied to put "I prefer Dwight D. Eisenhower" on his campaign buttons, and have to be talked into something crisper by the expert.

That is where Mr. Emmet Hughes comes in. Mr. Hughes has a lot of words, and a shrewd idea how to arrange them to the best effect.

The great danger, for a man in the public ear, is to say something that he has thought of himself, in the rough, direct, careless phrases which spontaneously present themselves. There was that unhappy blunder of Mr. Dulles and the west German elections. What happened, of course, was that his speech writer had just popped out for a minute, the newsmen were agitating for a statement, and instead of gritting out the prescribed "No comment," devised expressly for such occasions, Dulles burst into uncensored speech. It might have been very serious.

Another bad slip, though on a slightly lower level, was made by Mrs. Garden after Mr. Maurice Webb's television display the other week. Mrs. Garden, it will be remembered, stood up in a highly public hall and summarized, in a restrained but telling speech, the British housewife's feelings about the late Government's food administration. It could not have been done better. Unfortunately the *Daily Express* followed her home and squeezed a further, and unrehearsed, comment out of her. "I felt," she said, after a hurried glance round for her speech writer, who had just popped out for a minute, "that I could have sloshed Mr. Webb with a pound of tripe." It gave the show away.

On a still lower level, consider the visiting comedian. His speech writer, it may not be generally understood, is on parade at the airport as much as on the stage. "Easy on the arc-lights," says the internationally-loved comic, blinking shyly before the Press cameras—"you'll fade my suit." Then he crumples up his notes and advances in a gale of laughter. Catch the same man unbriefed, and all you get for the gossip-columns is a pale, shrinking figure bawling "Where's Al? Anybody seen Al? Sorry, fellers, no comment until we find Al." It's pitiful to see.

Mr. Eisenhower, according to *The Times*, announced that he was accepting the resignation of Mr. Emmet Hughes "with the greatest reluctance." This is not to be wondered at. Anyone with a grain of imagination could reconstruct the scene of farewell.

EISENHOWER. When do you aim to quit, then, Emmet?

HUGHES. No rush. How about October 15?

EISENHOWER (*grimly*). October 15. You've time to draft me out a little something accepting your resignation?

HUGHES. Sure. (*Scribbles briefly, hands paper.*)

EISENHOWER (*reads*). "With the greatest reluctance." That's fine, I guess. (*They shake hands.*) I'm going to miss you, Emmet.

Whether Mr. Hughes feels as reluctant it is hard to say. Perhaps not. He has had his moments, of course. He must have enjoyed standing just out of sight and hearing his promise to visit Korea*. But a sort of dissatisfaction must have crept in as the months, and the words, rolled by. To catch nothing but the slipstream's fringe of world applause is not, for a man of self-respect, enough. On the whole Mr. Hughes may be glad to go.

It is to be hoped that he realizes how lucky he is. It's not every day that a ghost returns to *Life*.

* "Mr. Hughes... had been responsible for the most trenchant of the President's speeches. It was his idea to go to Korea last October—a promise which probably won General Eisenhower a sizeable number of votes."—*The Times*



MARGATE Sept. 28—Oct. 2 1953

"Bad old days . . .
barefooted . . .
youngest of four . . ."



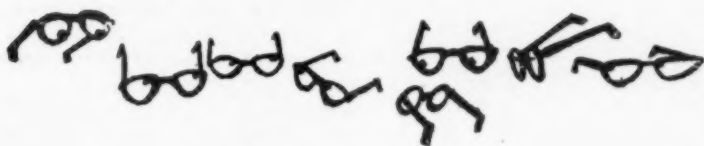
Right hand drive—



Splinter party



Top Transport House brass



"Comrades! Comrades!"



Down to the T.U.C. again.

Peiping Times at Oxford

BY H. F. ELLIS

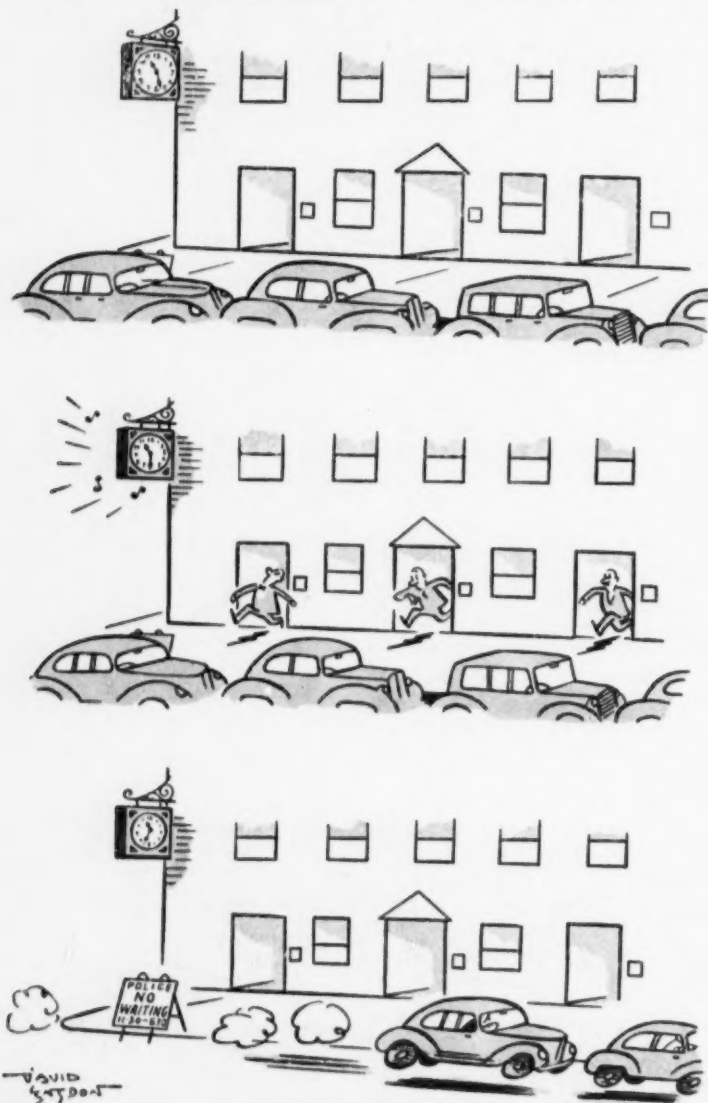
NOT much news leaks out nowadays about the progress of higher education in China, so that it is refreshing to learn, from a recent issue of the *Manchester Guardian*, that academic life in the University of Peking (or Peiping) is anything but stagnant. There has been a clean-up in that city, and as a part of it a note was sent to every member of the University Staff requesting and requiring him to catch "not fewer than two

flies a day, twenty mosquitoes a week, and one rat if possible." No details of the University's contribution to the impressive total of 450,000 rats and 400,000,000 flies destroyed are yet available, but the *Guardian's* correspondent adds one interesting footnote. Any teacher, he says, who asked his pupils to catch rats on his behalf was severely criticized "for failing to enter into the spirit of the campaign." The mention of rats only, in this

connection, is important. No professor, one deduces, sank so low as to ask his pupils to bring him mosquitoes or flies.

The Communists will almost certainly claim that Peking is first in the field, among the Universities of the world, in the employment of men of professorial standing to catch flies and rats. One awaits, with ill-concealed nausea, the familiar propagandist gibes about the lagging plutocracies, their failure to keep up with the times, the hyena-like concentration of their seats of learning on ancient documents and papyri so outworn and brittle as to be scarcely fit to cripple a daddy-long-legs. I therefore think it right to put on record, without further delay, some fragments of a conversation I was privileged to hear a year or two ago in the Senior Common Room of one of Oxford's most renowned colleges. Of what had given rise to this conversation I was not at the time aware, indeed to much of it I listened with a feeling akin to bewilderment; and it is only now, in the light of the disclosures from Peking, that its general drift has become clear to me.

I had been asked to take part in the S.C.R. after Hall, and I was standing shyly, as I remember, with my fingers on the door-handle trying to recollect the names of one or two of the metaphysical poets in case the subject should crop up, when I was startled by a cry of "Keep still, Provost!" from within the room, followed by loud shouts of "Mine!" and the sound of a blow. Thinking this a good moment to slip in unobserved I opened the door, raised a hand in greeting to my host who was standing mumchance in the middle of the floor nursing a reddish patch on the top of his head, and quietly made my way towards a side table on which a decanter and glasses were set. This brought me up against a tall, scholarly figure in pince-nez whom I recognized as the Reader in Assyriology. He was putting some small object away in an envelope and wore an air of quiet triumph.





"Fourteen to-day!" he exclaimed as I passed, a remark of which I was unable to make head or tail. Muttering an automatic "Many happy returns" I bent in some confusion over the table and pretended to busy myself with the decanter. One of those momentary silences fell upon the room, and across it the voice of the Vice-Chancellor rang out with painful clarity from his position on the hearthrug. "There can be no doubt about it," he proclaimed. "The posterior is light grey, the abdomen long, slender and slightly flattened."

I straightened up with a heightened colour, and at once determined to overcome my absurd attack of self-consciousness by engaging the Assyriologist in small-talk about Cowley—whether the poet or the place, I cared not. But the Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology was speaking . . .

"Well, Warden, I hear you had a disappointing day."

The Warden of All Souls looked as black as thunder. "One is constantly held up by pettifoggery and obscurantism. Imagine it! I laid

the thing before the Hebdomadal Council and they declined to allow it. Flatly refused. They said it was a water-vole."

"Typical! Typical!"

"And, mark you, I needed only one more for my quota."

"You've heard about Magdalen, of course?" put in a small don, who from his down-trodden look I assumed to be a Classical Mods tutor. "They are claiming that blowflies count double. The precise distinction between a blowfly and a blue-bottle—"

"Magdalen!" said the Warden with scorn. "One had looked for a higher standard of self-criticism *there*. It is manifestly unfair, in any case, to leave decayed meat in the cloisters. Or so I think."

"Exactly. Now at Wadham—"

"Epidemiologically speaking, if I may interrupt for a moment . . ."

The remainder of this sentence I failed to gather, for conversation had now become general and the noise was overpowering. Disjointed sentences, or fragments of sentences occasionally made themselves audible,

with a tantalizing lack of conclusiveness, above the din.

"Oh, as to Bowra's rat . . ."

" . . . and missed. But the Regius Professor . . ."

"No, I *never* use *The Times*. The flat of the hand, cutting *upwards* . . ."

" . . . with a rather more fleshy proboscis. Or so I think."

"They say David Cecil has got a new kind of swatter, but speaking as an ecologist . . ."

" . . . half-way down the sewer . . ."

At this point I became aware of a sudden buzzing in my ears, felt a stunning concussion, and for a while lost consciousness of my surroundings. When I opened my eyes again it was to see the Assyriologist bending over me, with a queer, half-mad look in his eyes and an envelope in his hand.

"Fifteen!" he said softly. "A record."

Whether or no these recollections of an evening at Oxford will be accepted as accurate I neither know nor care. They will serve as propaganda.



BOOKING OFFICE

Ancient Lights

The Brudenells of Deene. Joan Wake. Cancell, 21/-.

IT would be a great pity if this book were overlooked by readers who want to be entertained.

The title suggests merely one of those family histories that are inclined to fall into one of two categories; the well-documented, appealing only to the genealogist; or the chatty, from which all serious historical matter has been removed. Here, however, is both historical interest and light relief. Miss Joan Wake has used her material with remarkable skill; and the Brudenells themselves, partly from their habit of preserving records, partly from the individuality—not to say eccentricity—of various members of their race, provide all the elements of an enthralling narrative.

The Brudenell family can be traced in the direct line to the reign of Edward III, when they were freeholders in a small way in Northamptonshire. They moved steadily upwards in the world, the first important landmark being Sir Robert Brudenell (born about 1461), Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. His great-grandson was created Baron Brudenell in 1628, and Earl of Cardigan in 1661. For one generation in the eighteenth century the dukedom of Montagu was held by the family, a younger branch being created earl, and subsequently marquess, of Ailesbury: in which title that of Cardigan is now merged. The two members of the family most familiar at the present day are the Lord Cardigan who led the charge of the Light Brigade and his lady, who survived him by nearly half a century to produce a volume

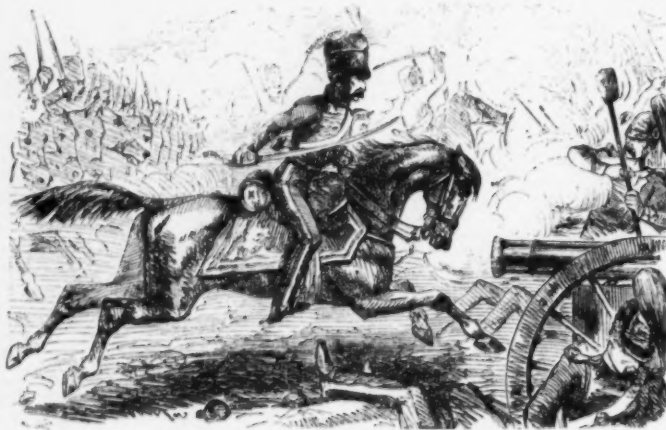
of memoirs justly regarded as in the worst possible taste.

The early pages of Miss Wake's book are packed with enjoyable items, admirably indexed. For example, in Elizabeth the First's reign, Sir Edmund Brudenell was on bad terms with his wife, Agnes, their rows being to some extent over property but also probably on account of his Roman Catholic leanings and her preference for Protestantism. In 1583 Dame Agnes, after drinking some medicine that "she utterly disliked, feeling it to lie heavy at her

An eighteenth-century Brudenell, the Duke of Montagu, established a hospital for dogs. One of his cats jumping on his knee when he was writing a codicil to his will, he said: "What! Have you a mind to be a witness too? You can't, for you are a party concerned."

The Lord Cardigan of Balaclava fame was born in 1797, an only son with seven sisters. This, or some other fact, had a most unhappy psychological effect. At an early age, through purchase and influence, he obtained command of the 11th

Light Dragoons: the regiment later becoming, at his own request, the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars, noted for their crimson breeches. A series of appalling quarrels raged between Cardigan and his officers. His behaviour was obviously abominable, and there can be little doubt cantankerousness carried him to the extreme edge of what could be called sanity. He was reprimanded by military superiors, attacked in *The*



A TRUMP CARDIGAN.

(Reproduced from *Punch*, November 23, 1854)

stomach many days after," died in circumstances that did not entirely rule out the possibility of poison. The dose had included "scammony and rhubarb," a physician stating "it was such a purgation as had been able to have killed a horse, and both for the nature and proportion of it, it might have been given to a Yeoman of the Guard."

Moving on a century, to the time of Charles II, there are gossiping letters from a Lady Brudenell in London to a friend in the country:

"Wee have heer tow strange ambassadors, one from ye King of Fez, ye other from Muscovett [Russia]. Ye last all the towne has seen him but myself. Hee goes to the plays 3 times a weeke, and stinckes soe that all the ladies are not able to take their mufes from their noses all the play time."

Times, hissed at in the theatre; however, no machinery existed for getting rid of him. All the same, unhinged as he may have been, he was scarcely so mad as the authorities who gave him command of the Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea. He was by then fifty-seven, not in the best of health, loathed by the army, and on particularly bad terms with his brother-in-law, Lord Lucan, who commanded the whole Cavalry Division. One feels that if military appointments were to be given for family reasons, family relationships should at least have been taken into consideration. However, in spite of everything, the charge of the Light Brigade has passed gloriously into history whatever the character of its leader.

Adeline, Lord Cardigan's second wife, whose father was an admiral

with the unusual name of Horsey de Horsey, outraged Victorian society by openly living with him before the death of his first wife. Endless stories are told of her preposterous behaviour, until her death in 1915. When a widow, she wrote proposing marriage to Disraeli, but later married a Portuguese, Count de Lancastre. This was something of an inconvenience to Queen Victoria, who would not receive Lady Cardigan, and herself habitually travelled incognito on the Continent as Countess of Lancaster. In short, the book is full of good things, and also of those extraordinary historical parallels, such as the present holder of the Cardigan title having been incarcerated, as an escaped prisoner of war, in a frightful Spanish gaol, just as his ancestor had been in 1626.

ANTHONY POWELL

Clubland Heroes. Richard Osborne. Constable, 15/-

"A nostalgic study," the title-page adds, "of some recurrent characters in the romantic fiction of Dornford Yates, John Buchan and Sapper." It is exceedingly well, perceptively and amusingly done: the characters and the set of values they symbolize are dissected with ironic skill but also with affection, and the book is enjoyable and absorbing to read besides being penetrating criticism.

Each author is studied in turn, first in a general chapter about his methods, style and attitude of mind, and then through his "recurrent characters," many of whom have biographical chapters to themselves. There is an introductory section comparing the three, and a highly entertaining final section on "The Secret Service" as portrayed in such literature. The critical range is wide enough to embrace both the ribald summarizing of a "luscious" story's plot, and a note on Dornford Yates's "partiality for the choriambic (— o o —) rhythm at the end of first sentences of short stories, and in book-titles." R. M.

Playwright at Work. John van Druten. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6

Without cynicism as without pity Mr. Van Druten analyzes his own experience from the beginning (courageously quoting extracts from juvenile theatrical delinquency), and gives advice on every aspect of the playwright's job. What he has to say about construction, characterization, stage directions and dialogue should be closely studied by all established practitioners. Such study would infallibly benefit both themselves and the theatre-goers of two continents.

He makes his entrance with convincing diffidence. Of elaborate stage directions he says: "From the best playwrights they are an irritation—

from any but the best they are maddening." "Watch your scenes: see that they go to the main point in one direct line." Of characters: "The playwright must neither love nor hate them humanly." "Few plays have been damaged by cutting." One lays down the book with a feeling akin to "that faint sigh of satisfaction which is the most welcome sound in the theatre: it is a little like the dismissal with praise of a good servant after a long evening's work." R. C. S.

Mirage of Africa. Alan Houghton Brodrick. Hutchinson, 18/-

Traveller, *bon viveur*, anthropologist, prehistorian, "character," Mr. Brodrick is like a more professional Norman Douglas. Douglas's knowledge was deliberately wayward: he explored byways as a kind of gesture of aristocratic defiance. Mr. Brodrick's learning is more in the main stream of contemporary interest. He is a student of early man and in particular of early man's art and the light it throws on the roots of aesthetics. As Mr. Brodrick gives no references in his latest book, a description of a tour through Tunisia and French Equatorial Africa, it is difficult for the layman to know how far he is accepted as an expert. Whether an inspired amateur or a specialist of unusual intellectual exuberance, he brings both width and depth of appreciation to the remote walls amid the stalactites where men in bull-masks dance in the dawn of history or chase their extinct quarry.

R. G. G. P.

An Elizabethan Garland. A. L. Rowse. Macmillan, 15/-

Elizabeth the First has not lacked her votaries, but few modern historians show such admiration for her reign and

person as Mr. A. L. Rowse; like the artist who painted every pearl, every stitch of embroidery in Gloriana's portrait, he feels that all details embellish and that none of them is too small. In the present essays he recalls an Elizabethan Christmas: the Queen receiving gifts of unbelievable splendour, and the Cornish gentry making the social round of the Duchy, ever gathering friends, until, in their progress, "having increased like snowballs, through their own burdensome weight they break again."

He describes the coronation of the first Elizabeth, records the tributes paid to her, and pits her critics one against the other, and in a final essay he weighs the chances of a second Elizabethan Age. Mr. Rowse's sympathy and erudition may be taken for granted, his quotations are often happy, but he himself shows little sense of style: indeed his book, which is loosely written (and includes a review of Sir Winston Churchill's *Grand Alliance*), seems merely an out-tray for random marginalia. Even as a by-product it is disappointing. J. R.

Return Ticket. Anthony Deane-Drummond. Collins, 12/6

Lt.-Col. Deane-Drummond, twice captured during the war, became a chronic escaper. Once in Italy he got out of a hospital by means of a five-inch, slightly sloping ledge, with a seventy-foot drop below; he edged along thirty feet of this, negotiating two corners and a length of loose surface. Later in Holland he stood for thirteen days in a cupboard seven feet by four feet by one, in a room which the Germans were using as an interrogation centre.

Colonel Deane-Drummond is the tough, unimaginative kind of soldier, without much time for anything else. "What's it really like when you jump?" a cavalry officer was once asked in the fairly early days of parachuting. He thought for a minute and said with restrained enthusiasm: "It's just like a jolly good game of polo." Those are the authentic tones of this book; unadorned, unliturgical, not even particularly observant, but full of a workaday depreciation of danger that takes one's breath away.

B. A. Y.



"Page forty, frame three—parse the second balloon."

AT THE PLAY

The Devil's General
(SAVOY)

IF thugs have been allowed to get the upper hand in the government of your country, are any holds barred to bring them down? None, says Herr CARL ZUCKMAYER in *The Devil's General*—you are even justified in sacrificing entirely innocent lives in order to lose a war. The trouble with this extreme doctrine

of the greater good is of course that you have only your own word for it that you are not going to prove as big a gangster as the rest. The idea is as ancient as it is ugly, for it has cropped up in every civil war. And clearly dictatorship makes a perfect nursery for it.

Apart from its theatrical force Herr ZUCKMAYER's play is of considerable interest, as the first by an established German dramatist to deal frankly with the Nazis. *The Captain of Koepenick* showed him, as long ago as 1930, to be a hilarious satirist; written in 1948, when it must have been dynamite in Berlin, *The Devil's General* is in much more sombre vein, a philosophic melodrama in which a man's struggle for his soul is painted in poster colours. It takes a long time, going a long way round, to reach its point, but its situations ring true. The thought is often superficial, but the story, adapted by Mr. ROBERT GORE BROWNE and Mr. CHRISTOPHER HASSALL, is told with a dramatic power which hits the audience hard.

We seem to remember Luftwaffe generals who were not members of the Party and who banked on their popularity with their pilots to sneer openly at Hitler. General Harras is a cynical, muddled hearty, sinking his distaste for the régime in heroic quantities of schnapps, entertaining lavishly, and adding to his legend as a lady's man; keeping a light aircraft with its tanks full, just in case, and salving his conscience by arranging

the escapes of Jewish friends. On the face of it a kind of Goering, though of much better stuff. At the end of 1941 he still feels sufficiently secure to be wildly indiscreet at a tremendous party which gives the play a very massed start but catches, I think rather well, the uneasy tensions which must by then have been apparent behind all the humbug of the Fatherland front.

Now the marks begin to close in, and gradually Harras is forced to realize his true position, through the reactions of his women friends and during a spell of "protective custody." Granted ten days to explain a lethal flaw in the latest fighters, he discovers at the last moment that the arch-saboteur is his Chief Engineer, Oderbruch, a steely purist for German honour. Harras has to make his decision quickly. He gives his blessing (and his watch) to this underground movement, and taking up one of the faulty aircraft, breaks it. As the curtain falls a State funeral is being crisply arranged.

He does very well as a natural leader and a glamorous hero of melodrama, and as such is played admirably by Mr. TREVOR HOWARD, but his character remains something of a blur. The poetic apprehensions which he is supposed to possess, lifting him above the common sort of officer, are not brought out either by the writing or the acting. Oderbruch, once he opens up, is by far the clearer figure, a quiet man of absolutely inflexible purpose,

ready to sacrifice everything for an ideal. Another fanatic? Undoubtedly. Mr. CYRIL LUCKHAM makes him immensely impressive.

Mr. JOHN FERNALD has produced with a keen eye to carefully planned excitement, and handled a large gallery of contrasted types very efficiently. Few of these are allowed more depth than is needed to point the direction of the General's awakening, but among the exceptions are Mr. RICHARD WARNER's chilling Party snooper, Miss ROSALIND BOXALL's embittered widow, and Mr. WILFRID LAWSON's faithful old batman, the last a wonderfully ripe piece of comic acting.

Recommended

Richard Burton as *Hamlet* (Old Vic) should certainly be seen. *Anastasia* (St. James's) is a new romantic play with distinguished acting, and *Trial and Error* (Vaudeville) strikes farcical sparks from a bigamous triangle. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES



The Man Between—Inferno

THE most emphatic merit of *The Man Between* (Director: CAROL REED) strikes me as the smooth, even, cumulative effectiveness of its development of mood—and that also is one of the qualities most difficult to explain or describe.

The story's theme is the uneasy situation in occupied Berlin, displayed through the eyes and the experience of the young sister of a British Army doctor there when she goes to stay with him and his German wife. It seems to me too facile to complain, as people have complained, that to place the scene in occupied Berlin is one indication of a deliberate attempt to repeat the circumstances and the success of *The Third Man*. Some of the circumstances or similar ones may be there, but the real "likeness" is not: just as two faces that have features of the same kind may yet contrive to be less reminiscent of each other than of some face of totally different shape.

The resemblances here with *The Third Man* are, in fact, superficial, a matter of individual features considered separately; the point and feeling of the story are quite different, and I say again that the progressive change in that feeling, or mood, or atmosphere, is handled to perfection. The formula of the innocent who gradually comes to realize the bitter tensions and complications behind a situation on the face of it simple has never been better used; and it does seem to me that the conventional appurtenances of the melodrama, the love affair, the suspense, the pursuit, are here merely incidental to the



Korriante—Mr. WILFRID LAWSON

General Harras—Mr. TREVOR HOWARD

(*The Devil's General*)



Kastner—ERNST SCHROEDER
Bettina—HILDEGARDE NEFF
Halendar—ARIBERT WAESCHER
Susanne—CLAIRE BLOOM

Ivo—JAMES MASON

dominant aim of giving an impression of the atmosphere of occupied Berlin.

Once admit this, and the objection that one's emotions are not sufficiently aroused, one's sympathies not much engaged by the central characters, becomes irrelevant. CLAIRE BLOOM is good as the innocent, but it is not her story; JAMES MASON is very good as "the man between" the western and eastern zones, but it is not even his. Skilful pursuit melodrama, yes; but still more a mood piece about a city, and impressively well done.

Inferno (Director: ROY BAKER) was press-shown in a 3-D version, but now I read that it will be released in this country as a "flat" picture. This is good news, for my feeling about it at the time was that if it were only two-dimensional it would be a very good film. I was absorbed and appreciative throughout, and only irritated by the necessity to see it through 3-D spectacles with their attendant slight loss of brightness, considerable increase in discomfort, and incessant demand for the head to be kept vertically still.

There are also, of course, the inevitable moments when boulders, blazing beams or what not leap out of the screen into one's lap: moments that might have been expressly contrived to break the illusion, not intensify it, because they distract one from the story with a quite automatic physical reaction to a *personal* stimulus. They are like the proverbial pinch used to test a dream: they don't strengthen the dream, they wake you up. There's really no reason why this well-made, extremely gripping suspense story, which is mainly concerned with a solitary man struggling to keep alive in the desert, should have been done in 3-D at all.

ROBERT RYAN is the solitary man,

left to die by his wife and her lover. A great part of the picture concentrates on his laborious and finally successful escape, pointed up with inter-cut scenes of the guilty pair's behaviour; interest and excitement are produced with the simplest possible means. Even in 3-D this is quite worth seeing: it's certainly the first 3-D work I've seen that is worth anything as a film; but I wish I could have seen it in comfort, and I'm glad others will be able to.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

La Minute de Vérité (23/9/53) and *Shane* (16/9/53) are the London films I would most recommend.

First-rate new release: *Roman Holiday* (2/9/53). There is also *The Beggar's Opera* (17/6/53), which had a mixed press; I liked it myself.

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE GALLERY

Guys Drawings

THE Burlington Arcade is opening a new page in its history by the arrival in its precincts of the Renel Gallery, where a small but exquisite exhibition of drawings is being held, mainly by Constantin Guys, together with a few by Camille Pissarro and Pascin. The address is No. 40-41, and the last day of the exhibition October 17. Of the three artists, Guys of the nineteenth century and Pascin of the twentieth were, by nature, illustrators engaged in observing and registering the drama and comedy of human life, while Pissarro was mainly a landscapist and famous as one of the founders of French Impressionism. His three drawings here are studies of a woman, and women and children, delicately conveyed in pencil or chalk.

Pascin, a Bulgarian, arrived in Paris via Vienna in 1905. A born bohemian, as well as a gifted draftsman,

his sense of conventional behaviour was, it appears, satisfied by habitually wearing a bowler hat, an unusual form of attire for one of his type and milieu; not so easily appeased was his sense of hospitality which had an almost oriental flavour to it, for, though not rich, his parties, by the standards of Montmartre artists, were prodigious and memorable events. Acclimatized as a Parisian, Pascin devoted much of his talent to the delineation (his colour was always of secondary importance) of the feline charms of the girls of the Place Pigalle and its amusement haunts. He did at times make sorties into the outside world, illustrating for papers such as *Simplicissimus*, or depicting scenes on quays or by native cabins on his occasional journeys in Morocco or the Americas.

Then he assumed, without loss of originality, the attitude of a popular satirical artist absorbed in the comic or the grotesque, as in No. 9, "Vingt-cinq bananes la dime." He has had followers, but I cannot recall any with the same fine rhythm or sense of balance in figure drawing. He died in 1930, when forty-five years old.

The Guys exhibit of fifteen drawings is of good quality and gives an idea of the variety of subject matter which he covered during the productive period of his life from the forties to the eighties of the century. This may be classed as high life, consisting of balls and fashionable encounters in the Bois, low life in port cafés and dens, and military life with formal parades, and campaign scenes in the Crimea. Mention must be made, also, of his strikingly personal interpretation of the horse. Typical but contrasting Guys horses in fashionable and in military circles are respectively those shown in No. 10, "En Voiture au Parc," and that in No. 7, "Cavalier."

Though amused at the preposterous in fashions or physique, as in No. 5, "Deux Lorettes," portraying two vast identically dressed *cocottes*, Guys's humour is never of the thumb-to-nose kind, and he is always likely to invest even his most grotesque figures with a touch of dignity which is perhaps more his than theirs.

He was "discovered" at least twice in his life, once by Thackeray, whom he never forgave for praising him in print, and again by Baudelaire, who, knowing him well and understanding his odd modesty, humorously avoided mentioning his name (using only two initials M. G.) in his memorable essay on him, published in the *Figaro* in 1863. For all that it was not until well into the twentieth century, and after his death, that his full value was widely understood as a highly original artist and a unique commentator on the period in which he lived.

ADRIAN DAINTRY

ON THE AIR

Drama by Instalments

THE new Saturday-night television serial, *A Place of Execution*, by Alfred Shaughnessy, got off the mark very smartly and gruesomely, and promises well. This is another highly topical thriller, dealing as it does with terrorism, British colonial administration, and the death penalty, and I have no doubt that it will prove as popular as *The Quatermass Experiment* and those early cinema serials in which Eddie Polo and Pearl White flirted weekly with death and fates worse than death.

Radio and Television are now, it seems, the only media suitable for serial entertainment. The day when the cinema could command a large and faithful following of "regulars" is waning and there is little support for the multi-partite magazine novel. Neither Eddie nor Pearl, nor even Charles Dickens would serialize successfully to-day—except on the air. It is debatable, of course, whether the serial can be considered a serious, worthwhile form of entertainment. There are so many snags—much recapitulation is necessary and the story must be scored to break neatly like a chocolate bar into equally inviting lumps—that artifice usually drives out art; but as a vehicle for blood-and-thunder, and as a Saturday-night appetizer, there can be no doubt about the serial's popularity. The only danger is that the rich melodramatic content of the serial may tend to make straight, non-sectional television drama appear slow and anemic by comparison.

Lionel Shapiro's play *The Bridge* has been heavily criticized in some

columns for its lack of pace and action, and I cannot for the life of me understand why. The piece tries to explain the complicated emotions and loyalties



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of a distinguished Czech professor who has just been smuggled under the Iron Curtain by a go-getting Texas oil-magnate. The professor exhibits no obvious relief, expresses no gratitude for his deliverance, and disappoints his liberators by his refusal to see the world crisis and his own duty in terms of black and white; and the play's dramatic suspense is concentrated in his struggle to reach a decision now that he is once more in a "free world." Will he accept the rich prizes offered by the American oil industry? Will he resume his quiet career in education? Will he return voluntarily to Prague? Or will he put an end to it all with a bang and a whimper?

There is excitement enough here in

all conscience, and I, for one, felt no need of further "action." Indeed, the only false note—and fortunately it was merely a momentary grace note—was the appearance of a gun in the hand of the professor's daughter.

The play's chief weakness is the marked lack of originality in its characters. We have seen so many newspaper men mooning around while waiting for a story to break and finally blasting the impatient city desk (by 'phone) with the conventional, nasal tirade of abuse; so many gendarmes, caped, bearded, pipe-smoking and laconic; so many sleek and cherubic international scoundrels (Peter Lorre set the fashion, I think) and adventurers' molls croaking in the languid, sultry style of Marlene Dietrich; and so many loud-mouthed self-made men from Texas. By now we know what to expect from such types, every move and accent, and it is extremely difficult, even when the performers are as intelligent as Stanley Maxted, Harry Towb, Paul Whitsun-Jones and Daphne Maddox, to credit them with more than expert caricatures. The Czech scientist was played by Arnold Marlé with rare skill.

Owen Reed's production of the piece was curiously uneven. For the most part he seemed content to use the cameras at eye-level in close-up or comprehensive sequences; then quite suddenly and rather awkwardly he switched to knee-cap height and gave us perspective shots of the professor against a foreground of pin-striped buttocks. I am entirely in favour of experimental camera work, but the viewer is likely to be distracted and disconcerted when it is sprung upon him without fair warning.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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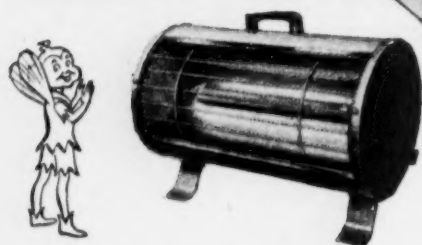
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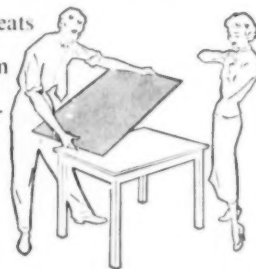
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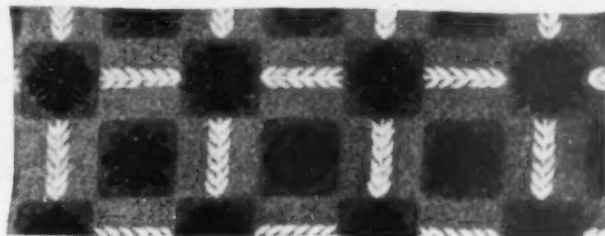
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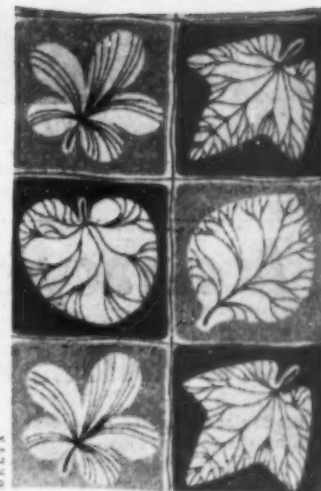
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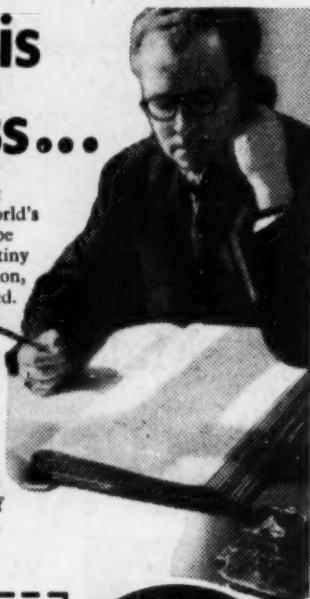
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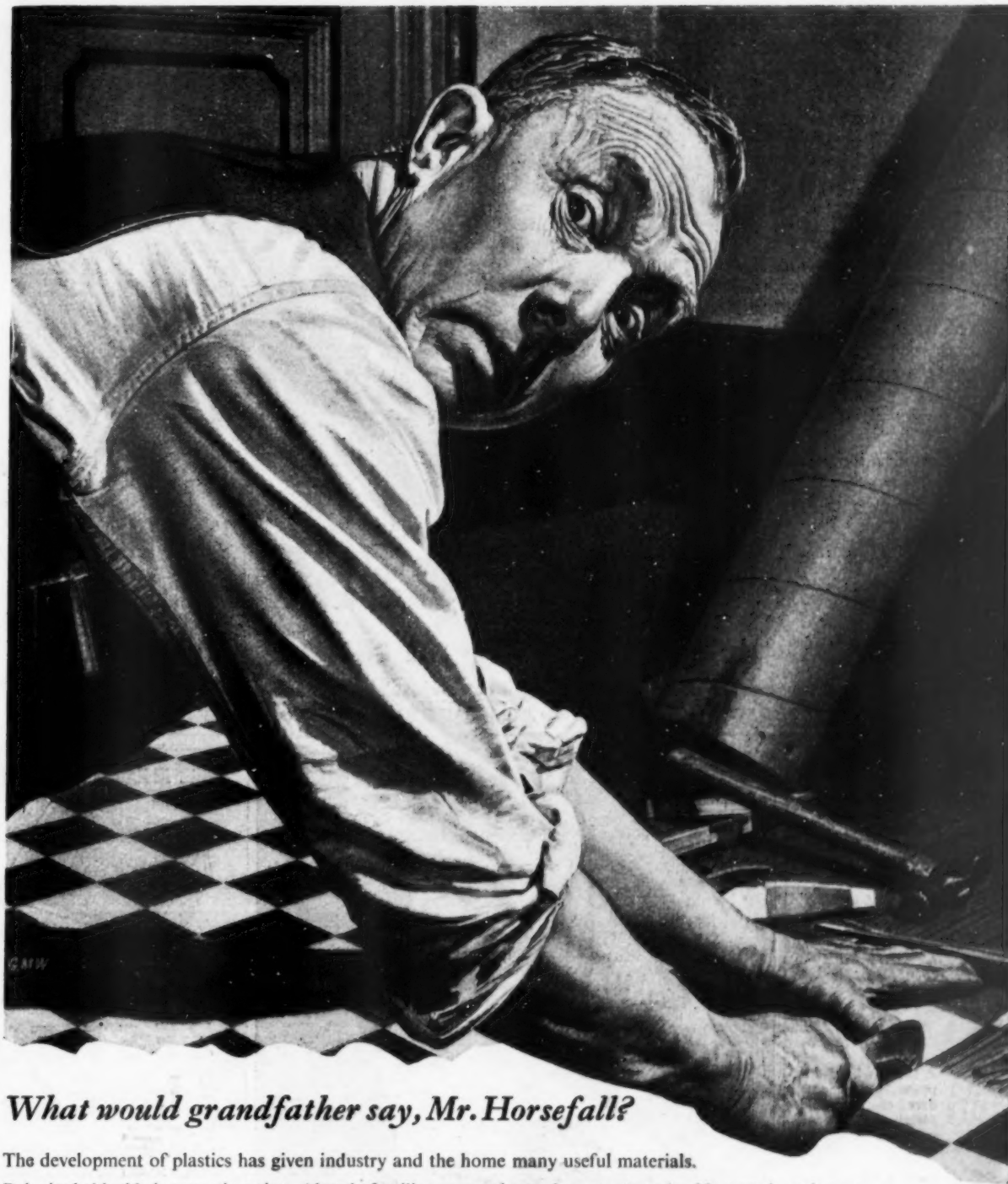
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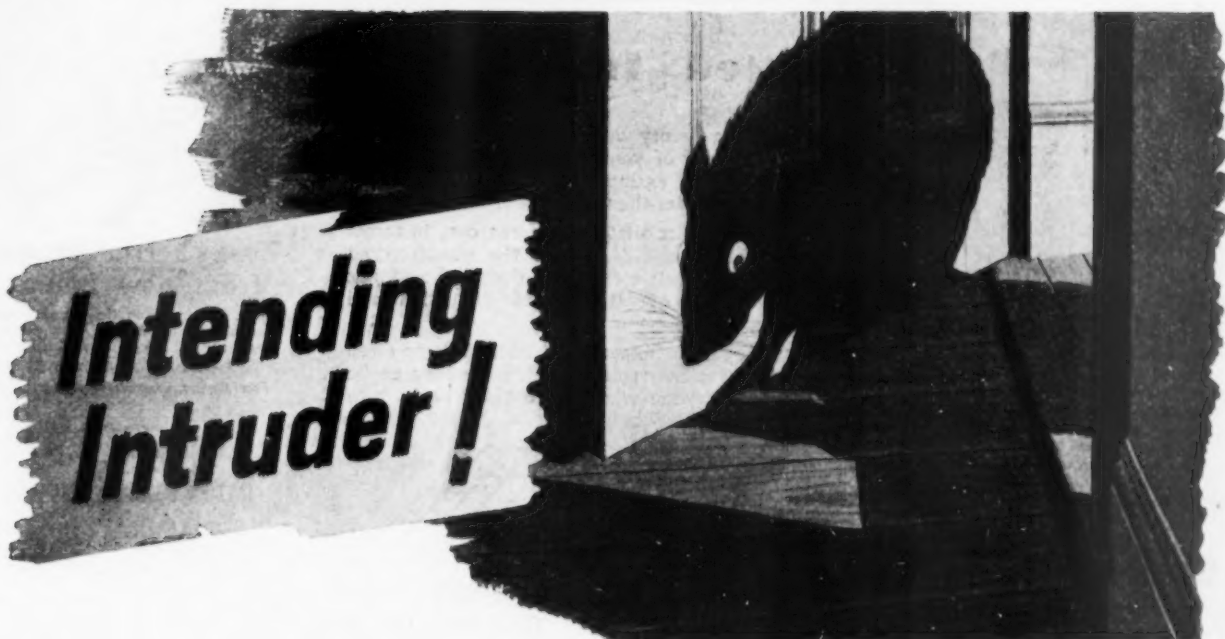
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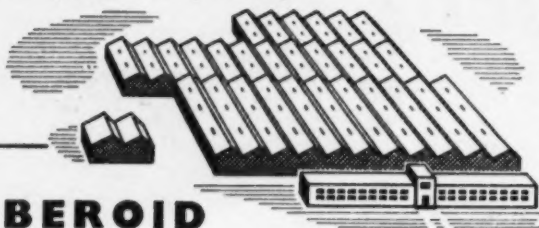
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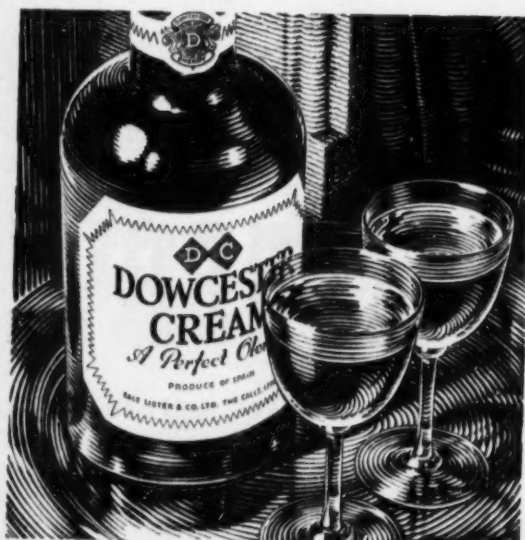
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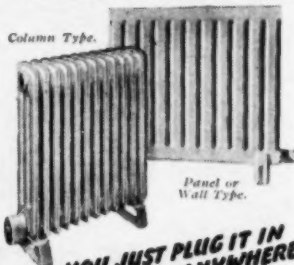
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Off key organist gets himself organized

Walter plays the organ at symphony concerts. Very badly. If anything, his Bach is worse than his Bizet. "Well, well," I said. "Found any lost chords lately?"

"Grrr," growled Walter, *andante doloroso*. "I've no heart for playing any more. All this constipation I get makes me feel lower than the bass-pipes."

"Maybe your pipes are out of tune," I said.

"Huh?" hummed Walter.

"I'm talking about the pipes in your internal organ," I said, "the 30 ft. length all your food goes through. Nowadays we eat so much soft, starchy food that the intestinal muscles which move it along have nothing to get hold of, and they don't function properly."

"What does that get me?" asked Walter.

"An organ stop," I said, "and an involuntary Funeral March. In other words, constipation. The key for your problems," I said, "is bulk."

"Does it come in a bottle?" asked Walter, *suspicioso*.

"Certainly not," I said, *presto*. "You'll get all the bulk those muscles of yours need by eating a little All-Bran every day with your breakfast. All-Bran's delicious—and it'll make you 'regular' in a few days."

"I'll remember that," said Walter, *con brio*.

The next time I heard Walter play, what a transformation! He went at



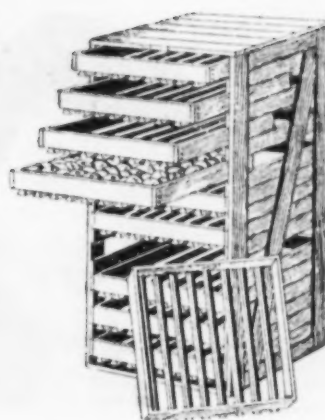
the music like a real manual worker. "Hallelujah!" I said. "You sound better."

"I am," *trilled* Walter, *vox angelica*. "That All-Bran's wonderful; it made me 'regular' in a week."

"Swell!" I said, *vox populi*. "All stops out."

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